

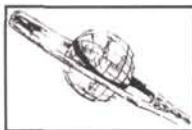
Chronicles

January 1990

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

\$2.00

Economic Nationalism



"All mental revolutions are attended by catastrophe."

— W. Winwood Reade

Banana Republicans

by Thomas Fleming



Shortly after the election of 1988 one grand old man of the Republican Party told me he thought Mr. Bush could do a creditable job so long as his administration faced no major crises. The very minor crisis of the abortive coup in Panama was the first serious test of this thesis, and it would seem, at first glance, that the thesis passed and George Bush flunked. Republicans and Democrats alike, liberals as well as conservatives, excoriated the President for his failure to seize the opportunity of ridding the world of a petty drug-dealing despot who had proved impervious to the charm and threats of Elliott Abrams. Congressional Democrats, in describing the administration's sluggish response to events, revived a favorite term from the Reagan years: disarray, and *The Wall Street Journal* called the affair another Bay of Pigs.

There could be no more entertaining and edifying spectacle on the evening news than the sight of Manuel Noriega hanging upside

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The Corporate Citizen by Anthony Harrigan National vs. Transnational Economic Strategies

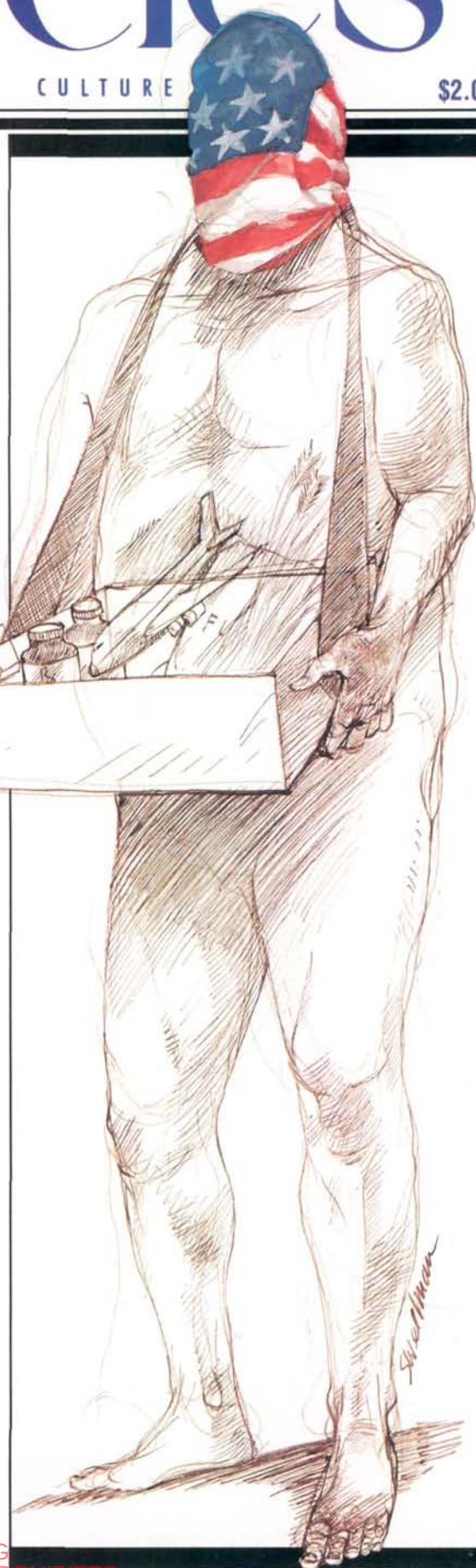
Transnationalism isn't a term that is familiar to the American people. According to Peter Drucker, a leading advocate of transnationalism, a transnational company is one that operates in the global marketplace; that does its research wherever there are scientists and technicians, and manufactures where economics dictate (in many countries, that is); and that has a management that doesn't feel any allegiance to the economic or national in which it is operating. In short, it represents a



mutation of the multinational. American companies have had foreign subsidiaries for many decades, and the American multinational has been built around the national interest of the United States. But some such companies are moving from multinational to transnational, and in doing so are consciously discarding their basic American orientation.

A case in point is the NCR Corporation. On April 12, 1989, economics columnist Hobart Rowen of *The Washington Post* quoted Gilbert Williamson, president of NCR, as saying, "I was asked the other day about competitiveness. I replied that I don't think about it at all. We at NCR think of ourselves as a globally competitive com-

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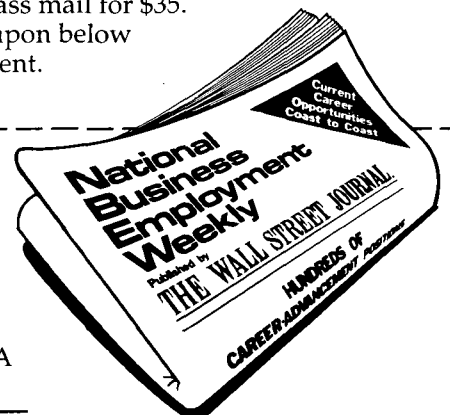
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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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Banana Republicans by Thomas Fleming

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The only justification for imperialism is success.
Ours has been a string of failures.

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A Publication of
The Rockford Institute:

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934 North
Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800, Mount
Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-435-0715, in
Illinois 1-800-892-0753.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern
News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road,
Sandusky, OH 44870.

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CHRONICLES (ISSN 0887-5731) is published
monthly for \$21 per year by The Rockford
Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL
61103-7061.

Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and
additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
CHRONICLES, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris,
IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the
authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the
views of The Rockford Institute or of its
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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 14, No. 1 January 1990

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Closing of the Conservative Mind'

Thomas Fleming makes some excellent points in his September Perspective. But he really ought to leave his own mind at least ajar on the subject of freedom and the ancients. They did not discharge their moral and political obligations "freely and without compulsion." In his classic book, *The Ancient City: A Study on the Religion, Laws and Institutions of Greece and Rome* (1889), Fustel de Coulanges tells of the results of the belief that the Greek and Roman states were God:

"The citizen was subordinate in everything, and without any reserve, to the city; he belonged to it body and soul. The religion (pagan) which produced the state, and the state which supported the religion, sustained each other; these two powers formed a power almost superhuman, to which the body and soul were equally enslaved. There was nothing independent in man; his body belonged to the state and was devoted to its defense." He continues: "The ancients, therefore, knew neither liberty in private life, liberty in education, nor religious liberty." Indeed, in Athens, a man could be put on trial for something called incivism, for being insufficiently worshipful toward the state.

By contrast, Coulanges says that it was only when Christianity prevailed that true individual liberty flowed. He writes: "Sentiments and manners, as well as politics, were then changed. The ideas men had of the duties of citizens were modified. The first duty no longer consisted in giving one's time, one's strength, one's life to the state. . . . By giving less honor to the city, Christianity placed God, the family, the human individual, above country, the neighbor above the city."

—John Lofton
Laurel, Maryland

Mr. Fleming Replies:

Fustel de Coulanges was a great social theorist, but the state-as-we-know-it was alien to the ancient Greeks, who regard-

ed their cities (Athens numbered a few hundred thousand souls) as a set of interlacing extended families. Without the Greeks and their perennial example, we would not be free to have this discussion.

On 'A Flag Amendment'

Your October 1989 Cultural Revolutions piece opts for an alternative to a constitutional amendment in dealing with the results of *Texas v. Johnson*. I say with you, "Yes, repass the Tenth Amendment," and return government "to the people." But I suggest a safeguard against the "repass" being "repo'd."

One group of nine old men and/or women is just fine. They should continue to be appointed by the President, although it would be a joy not to have the likes of Joe Biden and television involved. But each appointment should be for only one nine-year term. No reappointments, please! New appointments should occur annually during the month of April with the nominee taking office within 60 days (the Senate be damned) of his or her appointment.

The process should begin with the next vacancy, say Thurgood Marshall, and continue on an irregular schedule until the lifers are out of the Court. Thereafter, the Court is reconstituted every nine years.

"We the people" will never regain control of government in this country as long as we sanction unlimited political careers in either the Congress or in the Court. An activist, revisionist, non-interpretist, deconstructionist Supreme Court justice is a politician with an unlimited political career.

We still elect Presidents. We only pretend to elect M.C.'s and senators. The President of the United States should be our shepherd before the Congress and the Supreme Court. Corruption is parented by longevity and privilege.

—William H. Atchison
Gillett, PA

THE POLITICS OF RACE—mayoral candidate Rudi Giuliani realized after the September 12 primary that to win as a Republican in a Democratic town like New York, he would have to get a large chunk of liberal and centrist Jews to desert David Dinkins' ticket. As soon as the primary was over, therefore, the Giuliani campaign started raising the black menace, taking an ad in the daily Yiddish newspaper linking Dinkins with the dread Jesse Jackson. And, as a special coup, Giuliani and his chief adviser Roger Ailes named as honorary chairman of the Giuliani campaign the famed Jewish stand-up comic Jackie Mason. The thinking was twofold: to "humanize" the grim and pale Republican Torquemada, and to capture Jewish votes by elevating one of their own.

But, oy, what a floperoo! What Giuliani did not realize is that if you take that same Jackie Mason who did so well on Broadway in 1987 with his racial and ethnic one-liners, and put him into the highly-charged atmosphere of modern politics, an explosion might well occur. Nor did he realize that Mason had once been affiliated with Rabbi Kahane's ultra-militant Jewish Defense League. Hence his surprise when Mason, candid as always, proceeded to deliver himself of a series of anti-Dinkins and anti-black blasts: "Jews will vote for any black, however incompetent, out of a sense of guilt"; "Dinkins looks like a black model without a job"; and "Jews help blacks a lot, but who ever heard of a black giving a Jew a quarter?"

Crash! The sky fell in. Jews, blacks, and everyone else—even Ed Koch!—denounced Jackie Mason. Given a press conference the next day and a chance to apologize, Mason made things worse by reiterating his deeply felt position. Giuliani promptly fired the miscreant, and Mason was at last shanghaied into another press conference where he duly apologized for (you guessed it) his "insensitivity."

Just as it seemed, however, as if Giuliani might escape this awkward

incident without undue damage, bingo! our intrepid media, hot on the scent, came out with a haymaker. For *Newsweek* disclosed that, at a meeting attended by Giuliani, Mason, and several *Newsweek* editors a few weeks earlier, Mason had delivered himself of similarly anti-Dinkins and anti-black remarks, and that Giuliani, far from leaping up and slapping Mason in the face, had actually *laughed!*, albeit "nervously," and, of course, had gone ahead with naming him as his honorary chairman. Mason was reported to have said Dinkins was "a fancy *schvartze* with a mustache," and "full of s--t by nature." Giuliani tried to explain that he had not really heard or understood the fast-talking Mason, and had only been polite, but *Newsweek* retorted that there were only about six people in the small room, and besides, Rudi had *laughed*.

Somehow, of all the epithets, it was the *schvartze* tag that stuck, the charge being that *schvartze* is a terribly derogatory term for blacks. But is it? Technically, the answer is *no*. In some areas, Yiddish is a language of infinite subtlety. For example, there are a large number of nuanced terms for the English phrase, "a clumsy oaf." You can say *schlemiehl*, *schmendrik*, *shmeggegi*, or *schlimazl*, each having its own delicate shade of meaning. (An old Jewish joke goes, "A *schlemiehl* is the sort of waiter who is habitually dropping hot soup down a customer's neck; a *schlimazl* is the sort of customer who gets his neck poured on.") But whereas English has many words for blacks, there is only one word for black in Yiddish, and that word is *schvartze*.

So, technically, *schvartze* can hardly be a derogatory term, only descriptive. The problem, however, is that Jews in New York have been accustomed, when in the presence of blacks, to refer to them as *schvartzes* in the confident but sometimes naive assumption that the *schvartzes* remain blissfully ignorant of this Yiddish term. Thus, in the presence of one's black maid, "How's the *schvartze* doing?" Or, walking

down a crowded New York street, "Hmm, I see that the *schvartzes* are out in force tonight." It seems, wonder of wonders! that after several decades, the *schvartzes* caught on to this innocent custom, and were not very thrilled by it.

Giuliani has not been alone with his race problems. As was revealed in mid-October, on David Dinkins' paid staff was an infamous black militant named Sonny Carson. Carson heads an organization called the Campaign to Honor Black Heroes, an outfit with no address or telephone, and few members. The committee surfaced in late August after the allegedly racist murder of a black youth named Yusuf Hawkins in Bensonhurst, a largely white neighborhood in Brooklyn. Carson and the young toughs who constitute the committee marched across the Brooklyn Bridge on August 31 to protest the murder, and received the desired TV footage, including the injury of many police and the arrest of 44 of Carson's colleagues.

The Dinkins people say that they paid Carson and his committee \$9,500 for their valiant efforts in bringing out the black vote in Brooklyn on primary day. Dinkins's critics question Carson's electioneering prowess, and point out that his protest marches ended abruptly: in other words, the money was a payoff to keep Carson's goons quiet for the remainder of the campaign.

Critics have also dug up some allegedly anti-Semitic statements Carson made in 1968, and a 1974 conviction for kidnapping and attempted murder. When Carson proceeded to call a press conference to tell his side of the story, he came flanked by his young goons, who sported leather jackets and gloves with studded knuckles. Thundering that the charge of anti-Semitism was absurd, Carson clarified that his position is that he hates *all* whites, with no discrimination as to creed or religion. Capping even this, Carson explained that he could not possibly be anti-Semitic, since, as everyone knows, "we [the blacks] are the true descendants of

Abraham. How can we be anti-ourselves?"

Whatever else he is, David Dinkins is not quick on the uptake. Asked about Carson's press conference, Dinkins declared, in the great befuddled understatement of the campaign, that "He's apparently a person who doesn't like white people." A few hours later, however, Dinkins rallied, reading a prepared statement denouncing Carson's bigotry and intolerance, which he has fought all his life, blah-blah-blah, Had I But Known.

With the help of Carson and new questions about Dinkins' tax returns, Giuliani's fortunes have risen, as two *Daily News/ABC* polls (one taken on October 15, the other one a week later on October 22) make clear. On October 15, Dinkins led by the seemingly insurmountable 53 percent to 34 percent. Only one week later, Dinkins led by a mere 45 to 41 percent. The most striking and critical change occurred, as might be expected, among liberal and centrist Jews. Whereas Jews voted for Dinkins by 46 to 36 percent in the first poll, on October 22 Jews chose Giuliani by 44 to 26 percent.

And so the race is even as we go to press.

—Murray Rothbard

"TRADE WITHOUT FRONTIERS"—when the European Economic Community talks about barrier-free trade, the wall begins at Spain and the US is left on the wrong side of it, as the Bush administration, which has supported the coming federation of Europe, is beginning to discover. In October the EEC voted 10 to 2 to adopt a set of as-yet nonbinding rules that recommend to European television stations that they spend a majority of their airtime running European shows. Hollywood's billion-dollar business in European rights is threatened. In some parts of Europe 70 percent of the entertainment shows come from the outside—many, many from the US. What tourist in Rome hasn't tuned into *Dallas*?

"Local content," said Carla Hills, the US trade representative, in complaining about the rules, "is the enemy of free trade." She is quite correct. But the issues are, at least ostensibly, wider here: it is not just American profits that

anger France, the most militant EEC country on the television question. It is that old bugbear of cultural imperialism and *franglais*. "Culture is not a piece of merchandise, like other things," says Jacques Delors, president of the European Commission, the EEC's executive branch. "I say to the United States: Have we the right to exist, to perpetuate our traditions?"

As a regionalist, I sympathize. One of the downsides of your free market/open borders/devil-take-the-lowest-paid hardy garden variety of American capitalism is that it tends to do to regional tradition what Sherman did to Charleston.

Unfortunately, European state socialism's answer to American cultural imperialism is a cure that looks to be a lot worse than the disease. The EEC's idea is not just to promote the French film industry for the French, but—while excluding the US and the rest of the world—to create within the Community a single market of 320 million captive viewers: a French film industry for Europe. And what that means, as the Germans are already admitting, is films, drama, and situation comedies—in English. For English is the language of cultural diplomacy today. It must have been bad enough, for a good French patriot, to watch his local breadmaker abandon Godard for Clint Eastwood. Yet surely it will be a thousand times more painful to watch Godard abandon French.

Nationalism has its uses, and its abuses. The European film schools, which have been targeted as beneficiaries of EEC largesse in a typically misapplied social-democratic attempt to beef up the local product, will profit. Barring a trade war, so will some European filmmakers and distributors, probably largely at Hollywood's expense. But that is all. For all the noise the EEC is making about revived culture, its eye is only on the money. Its plan cannot work, because what is being hailed as nationalistic in fact is not—France is not only distinct from America, but from its friends in the EEC, and heaven help that country if its proverbial chauvinism has withered to the point that France has forgotten what German or Italian cultural imperialism is like.

Judged even on the basis of its own plans, the EEC protectionism that is

supposed to preserve the creative culture of these individual states of Europe clearly will not work. Whether it is today or ten years from today, Europe is going to soon discover that the great cultural bugbear is not America, but itself. (KD)

THE SOVIET EMPIRE these days offers a formidable challenge even for the most experienced Kremlin watchers. While economic collapse, the communications revolution, the threat of another nuclear disaster like Chernobyl, the decline in life expectancy, and the environmental crisis are all tinder for fires of change, the power of nationalism still remains central.

Shortly after World War II there were perhaps 70 states recognized as sovereign nations in the world. Now the count is approximately 170. The breakup of the British Empire into a commonwealth of independent nations seems in retrospect as inevitable as water running downhill. There is no reason that this same growth of national identity should not play out in the Soviet Union, a country composed of over one hundred different nationalities and covering one-sixth of the earth's surface.

Of all the places in the Soviet Empire where nationalism is asserting itself, the three Baltic nations have a unique claim. Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia once enjoyed the status of independent statehood between 1920-1940, and they receive *de jure* recognition from the United States as well as countries in Western Europe. Much of the population has living memories of their freedom and how it was lost. Last summer the Kremlin was forced to admit of the Secret Protocols of the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939 that led to the forced annexation of the Baltic nations into the Soviet Empire. On the 50th anniversary of the Pact in August, 400,000 Balts formed a human chain across Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania to dramatize peacefully their desire for freedom.

Within the Baltic nations, Lithuania, with its special links to the West, may play a key role. Its immediate neighbor is Poland, where the Soviet Union tolerated the peaceful ascent of Solidarity to political power. Soviet restraint thus far on the use of force in

Poland, whatever the reason, is a powerful incentive to further national sovereignty in neighboring Lithuania.

The effect of the Polish model on Lithuania does not depend simply on its proximity. There is a deep historical and cultural connection that goes back to the 14th-century union of the two countries—making the second largest nation in Europe—and the conversion of Lithuania to the Catholic faith. The importance of a common faith is reflected in the fact that St. Casimir is regarded as the patron saint for what are now two separate countries—Lithuania and Poland.

An estimated 70 percent of modern day Lithuania is Catholic, and 80 percent of its 3.6 million citizens are ethnic Lithuanians. Both Latvia and Estonia, on the other hand, are historically Lutheran, and nearly 50 percent of their population is non-native. This past September it was announced that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev will meet with Pope John Paul II in the Vatican while he visits Italy in late November. This unprecedented visit of an Eastern European pope will reverberate throughout the world but especially among the Catholics of Eastern Europe. Since he has agreed to receive the Soviet leader, the diplomatic minuet would only be completed when the Pope reciprocates and visits the Soviet Union. However, John Paul II has insisted that he will visit only if the Ukrainian Catholic Church is legalized and he can visit his flock in the Ukraine and Lithuania. The impact of his visit could be revolutionary.

In the midst of these religious developments, the leaders of the popular political movements in the Baltic nations have issued statements calling on the United Nations and the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe to assist them in becoming independent. The legal claim of the Balts, or any other of the 15 Soviet Republics for that matter, for the right of secession is supported in article 72 of the Soviet Constitution. Western legal recognition of the sovereignty of each of the Baltic nations lends further, if marginal, force to their assertion of independence.

If Gorbachev allows the Pope to visit, which seems likely, look to Lithuania first to see if the Soviet Empire will begin its transition to a Soviet

Commonwealth of independent sovereign nations.

—Michael Warder

“IMPERIAL CONGRESS”—many in the conservative movement are denouncing it these days. From all over the right, we hear worries about slipping presidential prerogatives, or denunciations of Congress’s “meddling” in foreign policy.

But I would argue that it is the Imperial Presidency that threatens our freedom. Too often, Congress simply lays down in front of the executive steamroller. When it attempts to recover a crumb or two of its constitutional prerogatives—as with the War Powers Act or the Boland Amendment—it is condemned for treading on “presidential” territory.

Some conservatives—who on other days pooh-pooh Reagan-Bush budget deficits as meaningless—even make a cause out of the size of Congress’s budget, which totals .08 percent of federal outlays. Of course Congress’s budget should be cut—all of Washington needs a meat axe taken to it. But in a city of executive-branch sinkholes like HUD, Congress is hardly the place to start. Given the gargantuan government we have—which also violates the Constitution, of course—it is in the taxpayers’ interest for Congress to have sufficient staff, if only to throw a few roadblocks in the way of the executive behemoth. We should also remember that all the congressional staffs put together wouldn’t fill one bureau in HHS.

The Founders, steeped in the English parliamentary tradition, knew that liberty is threatened by kings and dictators, not legislators. They saw the progress of representative government as the wrestling of power from the executive. That’s why they wrote the Constitution as they did.

Article I vests “all [all] legislative power” in the preeminent branch of government, Congress. Congress alone has power to raise and spend taxes, borrow, regulate commerce, coin money, declare war, create federal courts and determine their jurisdiction, and establish the armed forces.

Article II admonishes the President to carry out the laws passed by Congress. He may veto those laws, but his

veto can be overridden by Congress, the final authority. The President may also recommend legislation, but as *National Review* co-founder Frank Meyer wrote 25 years ago, “Recommend means *recommend*, not demand, not pressure, not go to the people to arouse demagogic pressures against the Congress.”

The President is named commander-in-chief of the armed forces; he may appoint ambassadors and judges, but only with the consent of the Senate; and he may negotiate treaties, but again only with the consent of the Senate. There is no mention of foreign policy as a presidential entitlement. His role as head of the armed forces has a foreign policy dimension only when Congress has declared war (the Founders not having envisioned Uncle Sam as global gendarme).

Article III shows that the Founders intended the judiciary, despite Warren Court imperialism, to be the “least-equal” branch. Not only does the Constitution allow Congress to establish (or abolish) all federal courts aside from the Supreme Court, Congress can also—except in certain narrow areas such as lawsuits between states—determine the jurisdiction of the federal courts, including the Supreme Court.

For example, Congress could, by simple majority vote, take abortion cases out of the hands of the Supreme Court and other federal courts, and leave this question to the states. That such a simple and Constitutional solution to *Roe v. Wade* occurs to no one is ample proof of a shriveled Congress and a swollen executive and judiciary.

To argue that the Framers intended Congress to be the paramount branch of government is not to defend our present representatives and senators. With pitifully few exceptions, today’s members of Congress represent a sort of reverse evolution from 1789. Humans have turned into monkeys, albeit with law degrees. Nonetheless, Congress remains the branch of government closest to the people. As its retreat on the pay raise showed, it *can* be influenced. A whiff of popular opposition makes the members sit up and take notice. A hint of possible defeat will make them do anything, even the right thing.

The Armand Hammers of the world

can sway the presidency or the judiciary. The rest of us cannot. That's why believers in a limited constitutional republic must not join the attacks on Congress as an institution, for the alternative is what Meyer called "the uncontrolled power of a President elected with a specious quadrennial 'mandate.'"

If we want to recover our freedom—so diminished in this century by despotic Presidents, bureaucrats, and judges—we must curb the executive and the judiciary, and Congress is our only weapon. The Founders gave us that weapon in the Constitution. It is up to us to use it.

—Llewellyn H. Rockwell

THE PEACE CORPS is going to the aid of *glasnost* and *perestroika*. President Bush has proposed the sending of the Peace Corps to Hungary and Poland, and Peace Corps director Paul Coverdell and staff are busy making the necessary arrangements. Peace Corps press officer Jim Flanigan says this marks "no great departure" from the Peace Corps' original intent. The Peace Corps will remain a "people-to-people" organization that will assist "any nation that requests assistance." Even the sending of the Peace Corps to the Soviet Union wouldn't mark any radical break with tradition, he says, because "the Peace Corps doesn't see any ideological bounds to the pursuit of peace."

This is nonsense. The Peace Corps has never been sent to the Soviet-bloc nations of Eastern Europe, and this alone is enough to mark a radical break with the past. Moreover, one of the Peace Corps' original functions was to counter the Soviets' influence in the Third World—or, as the Peace Corps' first director, Sargent Shriver, put it in 1961, "Either we do the jobs [in the Third World], or the Communists will." Peace Corps Volunteers in Eastern Europe, therefore, could only mean that either the Cold War is over (in which case, do we still need the Corps?), or that the Peace Corps will not only dig the ditches that the Communists would have dug abroad, it will now also dig the ditches that the Communists would have dug at home.

This globalization of the Peace Corps' activities runs counter to the

goals the organization has pursued for thirty years. President Kennedy sought the creation of an agency that would deal specifically with the problems of the impoverished Third World, and it is a gross insult to lump Poland and Hungary in with what President Kennedy, Sargent Shriver, and Hubert Humphrey called the "critical nations" of the "underdeveloped world" which needed liberating from "poverty, disease, hunger, and illiteracy."

Poland is one of the most heavily industrialized countries in all of Europe, and Hungary has experienced great industrial development since decentralization of its economy began some twenty years ago. Life expectancy in Poland and Hungary is approximately 66 years for men and 74 years for women, while life expectancy in Pakistan and Niger—the type of Third World countries in which the Peace Corps has traditionally worked—is 52 and 44 years, respectively. The infant mortality rate in Poland and Hungary is approximately 19 per 1,000 live births; in Pakistan it is 125, in Niger 145. Literacy in Poland and Hungary is 98 percent; in Pakistan it is 26 percent, in Niger 13. Approximately 89 percent of Polish households have a piped water supply; only 15 percent in Pakistan and 12 percent in Niger enjoy such a luxury. *The Economist* ranks Hungary 7th in world health (defined as people per physician and per hospital bed) and Poland 28th. Pakistan is 132nd, Niger 194th.

Whatever the problems plaguing the countries of Eastern Europe—hard currency debt and low productivity, a suppression of free speech and mobility—poverty, hunger, disease, and illiteracy are certainly not among them. When in 1961 the Division of Program Development and Coordination divided the Peace Corps' focus into four geographical areas—Latin America, Africa, the Far East, and North Africa/Near East/Asia and Pacific—it did not set aside a special division to deal with the political problems of Paris, Rome, Budapest, and Warsaw.

If the Peace Corps can now be sent in at the mere request from a nation—any nation—for assistance with a problem—any problem—then the staggering social problems now paralyzing America ought to take prece-

dent. How can we justify the allocation of our money, skills, and manpower for the teaching of English in a foreign country with a 98 percent literacy rate, while East St. Louis and the neighborhoods of Washington, DC, wallow waist-deep in crime, drugs, poverty, and disease? Indeed, the rate of disease and illiteracy in America's inner cities is higher than that in Poland and the new Hungarian Republic combined.

This year marks the thirtieth anniversary of President Kennedy's call for the formation of the Peace Corps, and next year will mark the organization's third decade of service. If the Peace Corps Volunteers are to be no more than Boy Scouts for democracy, then let's put them where they can do the most good—in the Third World neighborhoods of Chicago, Detroit, and Washington, DC. (TP)

SELECTIVE PERNICIOUS AMNESIA is the endemic disease of Establishment politics. Its symptoms are evident whenever the Soviet Union does something awful—like delivering six sophisticated Su-24D bombers to Libya, as it did in March 1988, or excusing the sinking of an advanced Soviet attack submarine in the Norwegian Sea last April, a submarine that, the Soviet Union admitted, carried two torpedoes with nuclear warheads at a time when our Navy was no longer placing nuclear torpedoes on its submarine fleet.

Within days after such peace-endangering outrages, and after a few ritualistic criticisms, a great silence descends, and within a few weeks these Soviet breaches of the peace are forgotten.

At the risk of causing offense I want to recall something that the Soviets unsuccessfully tried to pull off last May and that is already forgotten. The coup needs a little background because it deals with the light-year distance between Soviet rhetoric and Soviet deed that still exists, even in the Gorbachev era. Recall President Gorbachev's speech at the plenary meeting of the 43rd session of the UN General Assembly, December 7, 1988, in which he demanded—and in Latin yet!—that international treaties must be observed. The crucial paragraph of his speech reads as follows:

The Geneva accords [on Afghanistan], whose fundamental and practical significance has been praised throughout the world, provided a possibility for completing the process of settlement even before the end of this year. That did not happen. This unfortunate fact reminds us again of the political, legal and moral significance of the Roman maxim; *Pacta sunt servanda*—Treaties must be observed.

The crucial phrase is the Latin one. That "Treaties must be observed" is one of the first principles of international law. Without strict adherence to international commitments, there can be no international law.

International morality being what it is, and journalistic knowledge, especially about Soviet history, being rather limited, there was little concern that at the moment of Gorbachev's UN address the Soviets were in violation of the 1988 Geneva accords on Afghanistan. Nor was Gorbachev ever asked just what the USSR was doing in Afghanistan in the first place. Or why Soviet treaties that guaranteed the independence of the three Baltic countries, or the Ukraine, or Georgia, were not being observed. Instead, a *New York Times* editorial (December 8, 1988) went bananas about President Gorbachev's UN speech:

Perhaps not since Woodrow Wilson presented his fourteen points in 1918 or since Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill promulgated the Atlantic Charter in 1941 has a world figure demonstrated the vision Mikhail Gorbachev displayed yesterday at the United Nations . . . Breathtaking. Risky. Bold. Naive. Diversionary. Heroic. All fit.

We come now to May 13, 1989. On that day, Soviet Foreign Minister Shevardnadze announced that the Soviet Union was proposing Soviet violation of a treaty with the US. (The treaty had gone into effect in June 1988. It provided for elimination of Soviet and American nuclear missiles in the 300-to-3,500 mile range.) With no advance notice,

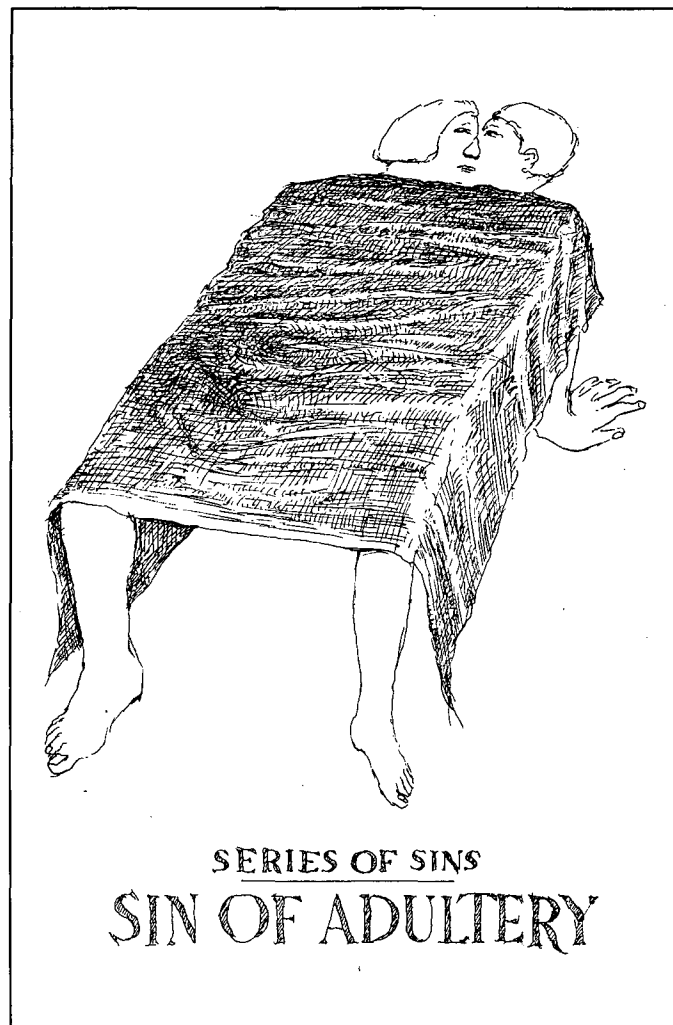
Shevardnadze blustered that if the US dared to modernize its vestigial Lance short-range missiles, *which the INF treaty allows*, the Soviet Union would, despite its solemn obligation, quit dismantling its SS-23 missiles.

Shevardnadze's threat of Soviet noncompliance with a just concluded arms agreement, said former Assistant Defense Secretary Richard Perle, was "the unscrupulous tactic of unilaterally revising the terms of an agreement by deliberately violating one of its obligations—a tactic easy for the Kremlin, which is unburdened by coalition politics or public opinion, but unthinkable for any Western democracy." William Safire laid it on the line by describing Shevardnadze's threat as the same old Soviet "duplicitous." He said that "while the US considers treaties to carry the force of law, Mr. Gorbachev has just vividly demonstrated that he does not consider his nation bound by treaty any

more than did his predecessors."

One could well ask, at hearing Shevardnadze's threat, whatever happened to President Gorbachev's cry "*Pacta sunt servanda*"? Dan Rather didn't ask. Peter Jennings didn't ask. Tom Brokaw didn't ask. And now, like other Soviet outrages which have occurred in the era of Gorbachev the Good, it's all forgotten and forgiven. Imagine how the nightly news would have denounced President Bush had he issued a treaty-breaking ultimatum similar to Shevardnadze's. Yet today's Soviet threat to violate the agreement is long forgotten and/or forgiven, in the interest of world peace.

The Western reception of the Gorbachev UN sermon was another documented case of credence given by Western political elites to Soviet rhetoric—another case of the collective amnesia that afflicts the West and the American media.



Shevardnadze's (read Gorbachev's) attempted act of intimidation didn't work this time. Lucky us. But we have been given fair warning once more. Negotiating treaties with the USSR is the riskiest enterprise in modern treaty diplomacy because the Soviet leadership will use every trick, every stratagem to betray, breach, circumvent, or negate Soviet agreements, yet all their duplicities will be forgotten. The tow-

ering dilemma for the West is that in the world today arms control negotiations with the Soviet Union are unavoidable, inevitable, and, above all, potentially detrimental to the security interests of the free world.

Any skepticism regarding my thesis about faith in Soviet treaty promises should be tempered by the following fact: from November 20, 1984, when *The Wall Street Journal* first called the

Krasnoyarsk radar "a clear-cut Soviet violation" of the ABM Treaty, until October 24, 1989, Soviet spokesmen lied about the installation. It took five years for the Soviet Union to admit that the Krasnoyarsk radar was indeed a violation. The confession recalls something Alain Besançon, the French Sovietologist and historian, once said: "In Russia, even the truth is a lie."

—Arnold Beichman

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

Despite the zippity-doo-dah rhetoric that many conservatives have spouted for the last decade, the United States in the 1990's will encounter challenges that neither the "right" nor the "left" is prepared to recognize, much less meet. The challenges go far beyond the "relative decline" that Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* prophesied in 1988. Mr. Kennedy argued only that the United States would be unable to keep pace with the redistribution of economic power toward the Pacific Rim and the transfer of military might that will follow it. He never broached the much more serious threats that today signify the rapid unraveling of American society: high school and college students who don't know when Columbus discovered the New World and who think the slogans of Karl Marx are drawn from the US Constitution; urban murder rates that even *idiots savants* would find difficult to calculate; drug wars fought with arsenals the Vietcong would have envied; political corruption that makes the senators of ancient Rome look like Eliot Ness's picked men; and a population so frightened of thrift and sacrifice and so addicted to instant gratification that it often prefers foregoing reproduction altogether to the responsibility of bearing and raising children.

Yet these signs of moral and social decomposition are not as alarming as the prospect, celebrated vociferously by right and left alike, of the United States' speedy absorption into a transnational or global economy that threatens to extinguish American national and cultural identity itself. Ignorance, crime, corruption, and avarice are vices

that can be cured, regardless of how drastic the medicine. The danger of economic globalism is that, like the AIDS virus, it destroys the very mechanisms that enable the patient to recover, even as it entices him into the illusion that the disease is harmless.

That illusion is the dream of universal material acquisition that has animated the consolidation of the American Republic into what may be called "MacNation," a colossal aggregate bound together not by any natural sense of historic community but through the artificial bonds imposed by bureaucratic routines and disciplines, corporate market strategies, mass media, and the mass collective channels in which millions of Americans move, work, play, eat, spend, vote, and communicate daily. Having broken down the institutional distinctions and regional diversity that once characterized the Republic and its cultural identity, the dream and its current material incarnation in economic globalism are now in the process of folding MacNation into MacPlanet.

Last March, the prominent Japanese economist and management consultant Kenichi Ohmae told an audience at Washington's Institute for International Economics that "national borders are disappearing," a development Mr. Ohmae welcomes, at least for other peoples' nations, even as traditional Japanese nationalism enjoys a renaissance. Many self-proclaimed conservatives greeted Mr. Ohmae's prediction with hearty approval, and *The Wall Street Journal's* Walter S. Mossberg reported on the appearance of conservative "one-worlders," economists and academics who believe that in a global economy, with goods and especially capital surging across politi-

cal borders, the economic fortunes of individual countries aren't important anymore."

But if national borders aren't important anymore, neither are trade deficits, or mass migrations, or even "national interests." The same logic that dismisses borders and populations as meaningless features of national identity also implies that the nation itself is an artificial abstraction that can possess no interests for which individual "citizens" (another artifice) should be expected to sacrifice. It's no accident that the "conservatives" who sing the progressive utopia of the global economy are usually the same ones who drool over a Wilsonian "global democracy" in place of concrete national interests as the proper goal of our foreign policy.

Indeed, the ideology of economic globalism logically involves a kind of social and political nominalism that denies any meaning to groups smaller than "humankind." Not only nations but also classes, ethnic groups, religious sects, local communities, and families are artificial identities that merely thwart the fulfillment of universalist, cosmopolitan, humanist perfection and that have about as much permanency as a group of Las Vegas poker players. Contemporary globalism, economic or democratist, right or left, has a remote ancestor in the ruminations of the ancient Stoics, who argued for a "city of the world" that would transcend city-states and empires. Closer relatives are the political fantasies of the Enlightenment and their Marxist derivative that "the international party shall be the human race." But whatever despots the universalist dream could inspire in earlier eras, only in this century has it been able to assume the technological and

economic integument to put the flesh of power on its ideological bones.

The exponents of economic globalism defend it with the argument that foreign investments and free trade create new jobs and provide sources of capital otherwise unavailable for economic growth, that the technological and economic integration of the planet will engender peace, fraternity, and opportunity for all human beings, and that democracy and human rights will follow such growth and opportunity as the night the day. Even if a new generation of Japanese warlords should come to power, the globalists argue, it would be unlikely to bomb Pearl Harbor if the Japanese already own most of Hawaii.

Of course, if the Japanese already owned most of Hawaii, it would be problematical to what extent Hawaii could be said to be part of America anyway. And Japanese ownership of the pearl of the Pacific is not out of the question. Earlier last year, Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi complained that Japanese purchases of nine billion dollars' worth of real estate in the islands had caused the price of housing in his city to rise 50 percent between 1987 and 1989. "They're buying up our homes and farmland," the mayor said. "Many Hawaiians can no longer afford to live here." Foreigners, mainly Japanese, already own nearly 75 percent of the office space in downtown Los Angeles, up from 64 percent in 1988 and 51 percent in 1987. In the District of Columbia, foreigners own 23 percent of the office property; in Maine, 10 percent; and in Atlanta, 25 percent. In the Farm Belt of the continental United States, the Japanese bought up 218,000 acres of farmland in 11 months in 1988 and 1989.

Whatever the material advantages of allowing foreigners to buy up our land, close out our industries, steal our inventions, take over our jobs, and move into our country, the economic globalists seem oblivious to the noneconomic implications of their ideology and its practical consequences for the independence and integrity of the nation and its culture. Their large error consists in their adherence to an economic determinism that they are the first to denounce when it pops up among Marxists and other socialists. Globalists assume not only that eco-

nomic motivations are the chief springs of human action, that the desire for and pursuit of wealth and economic opportunity are what all human beings at all times in all cultures and all countries are seeking, but also that economic considerations are paramount in evaluating social and political arrangements.

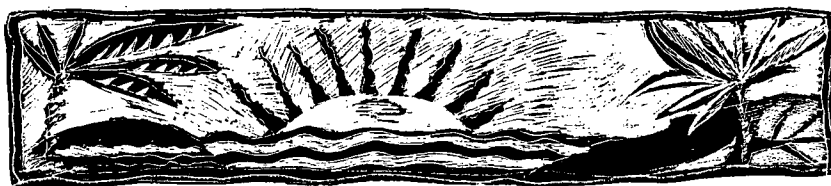
Those assumptions bring the globalists close to what both Albert Jay Nock and the German free-market economist Wilhelm Röpke called "economism," the "incorrigible mania," as Röpke defined it, "of making the means the end, of thinking only of bread and never of those other things of which the Gospel speaks." Nock, a religious skeptic who was less concerned but no less knowledgeable about the Gospel, held that economism "interpreted the whole of human life in terms of the production, acquisition and distribution of wealth. Like certain Philippians in the time of St. Paul, its god was its belly."

A nation, or even a planet, that recognizes no god other than its belly will quickly start wallowing in the ignorance, crime, corruption, and avarice that today afflicts the United States, and it will find itself unable to free itself of them. "After wealth, science, invention, had done all for such a society

that they could do," wrote Nock, "it would remain without savour, without depth, *uninteresting*, and withal horrifying."

What is horrifying about the planetary utopia the economic globalists envision is not so much the impoverishment that may yet be visited upon the United States as other nations, less enchanted by this dream of days to come, gain wealth and power at our expense, but that Americans, whether they gain or lose, will cease to be Americans at all and find themselves reduced to "resources," stripped of the distinctive set of norms that unite and identify them as a people and dispossessed even of the memory of how to make themselves one. As resources, they will become interchangeable parts in the global economic mechanism, and their functions in it can be performed just as easily (or better) by workers from Latin America, managers from Asia, or investors from Japan or Europe. If whatever remains of the Middle America core of the American nation and its civilization is to preserve itself from the dispersion and dispossession that the new global economy promises, it will have to assert its national identity and interests in economic no less than in cultural and political terms. ◊

LIBERAL ARTS



A VIEW OF WAIKIKI FROM A JAPANESE PEW?

Honolulu's outspoken mayor, Frank F. Fasi, continues his one-man campaign against Japanese investment in the Hawaiian housing market, which he claims is responsible for soaring housing values and property taxes.

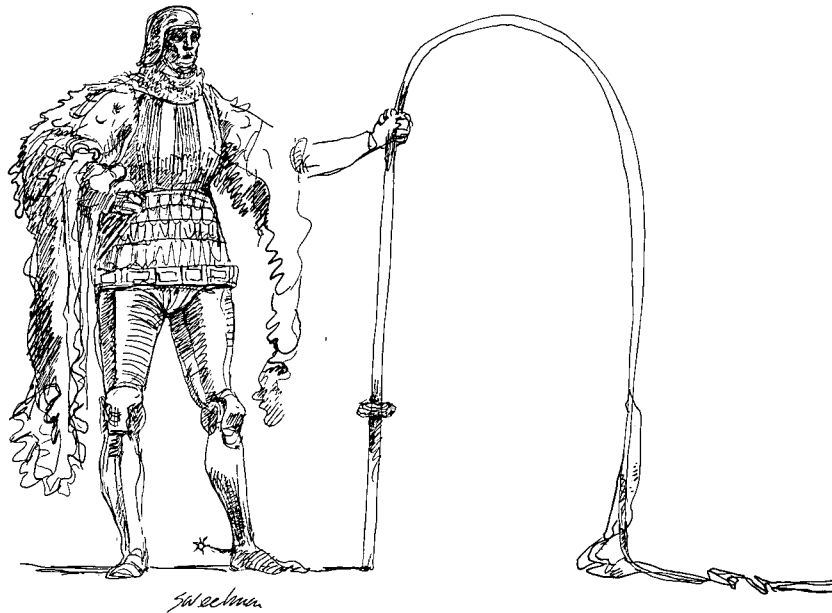
As reported by *The Bulletin of Municipal Foreign Policy*, Fasi's latest target is the Bishop of Honolulu, who recently announced his intention to sell to Japanese investors St. Augustine Catholic Church—just across the street from Waikiki Beach. City officials were outraged to learn that the likely buyer, the Tokyo-based Hama Kikaku real estate

company, intended to demolish the church and build a luxury high-rise condominium complex on the site. Parishioners opposed the deal, but the sale price—\$45 million—apparently was irresistible to the bishop, who claimed the proceeds from the deal were needed to pay for social programs.

As of late last summer the deal was proceeding but had yet been finalized. In the meantime, a parish delegation traveled to the Vatican to express its displeasure, while Fasi pressured the state legislature to enact a bill that would limit foreign investment in residential areas of Honolulu. But as the 1989 legislative session came to a close, the Fasi-supported bill had been killed in committee.

Banana Republicans

by Thomas Fleming



Shortly after the election of 1988 one grand old man of the Republican Party told me he thought Mr. Bush could do a creditable job so long as his administration faced no major crises. The very minor crisis of the abortive coup in Panama was the first serious test of this thesis, and it would seem, at first glance, that the thesis passed and George Bush flunked. Republicans and Democrats alike, liberals as well as conservatives, excoriated the President for his failure to seize the opportunity of ridding the world of a petty drug-dealing despot who had proved impervious to the charm and threats of Elliott Abrams. Congressional Democrats, in describing the administration's sluggish response to events, revived a favorite term from the Reagan years: disarray, and *The Wall Street Journal* called the affair another Bay of Pigs.

There could be no more entertaining and edifying spectacle on the evening news than the sight of Manuel Noriega hanging upside down from a window in Panama City, but the same thing might be said of at least a dozen other leaders of our "sister republics" in Latin America. Noriega is no more of a threat to American interests than his mentor, Gen. Omar Torrijos, and it was with Gen. Torrijos that we signed the Panama Canal Treaty. If our main motive in dealing with Noriega is the desire (in Sam Hayakawa's phrase) to steal back the canal "fair and square," we ought to realize that there is absolutely no guarantee that the next major or colonel to seize power will be any better than his predecessors.

The Global Democracy hawks had a great time, rattling sabres and hurling threats, and it was just like the good old

days to see Mr. Abrams again making tough speeches that sounded as if they had been borrowed from the script of *Patton*. The tough talk apparently had some effect, and it would appear that some members of the White House inner circle now wish they had done something more to help the would-be freedom fighters. CIA chief William Webster, in defending the administration, more than hinted that President Bush was reconsidering the restraints on covert action that had been imposed by President Ford. While denying that he wanted CIA operatives to become "hired killers," Webster did argue that a fast and loose CIA could make a difference the next time around, "because the likelihood of the next plotter planning that he may probably take Noriega out is real." This was enough to bring G. Gordon Liddy back in front of the television cameras, and Mr. Liddy, with his customary clarity, listed a number of assassination targets for the CIA: Manuel Noriega, Jack Anderson (for revealing the names of CIA undercover agents), and CIA turncoat John Stockwell. An even better idea than assassination would be to send the pugnacious Mr. Abrams down to duke it out, man—so to speak—to man with Noriega.

If we could be sure that the CIA employed a hundred Gordon Liddys, all ready to follow orders and keep their mouths shut, covert action—under some extreme circumstances—could be justified as a tool of secret diplomacy. But the whole point to covert actions is that they are *covert*. Neither the President nor the Congress can be implicated. What sort of spymaster is it, who not only can speak so blithely—and so ungrammatically—about assassi-

nation, but does so in the language of cheap thrillers? Webster's performance as FBI director was applauded by the left as "responsible," and if he makes the CIA equally responsible, it will no longer have any reason to exist.

Why are we picking on Manuel Noriega? Because he deals drugs. Unlike what other Latin American leaders? Fidel Castro has become a hero in our war on drugs simply by executing a hero of his revolution on the charge of drug trafficking. The newspapers solemnly printed the story that Castro was cracking down on a business in which he is involved, reportedly, up to his armpits. If you believe in Castro, then you may as well believe the stories we used to tell about Gen. Noriega's heroic war against drugs or, for that matter, the stories we are now telling about this same former friend and ally.

The truth about Noriega is that he has always played both sides against the middle, cooperating with American drug enforcement efforts while receiving payoffs from the drug lords. Reagan appointees in the State Department, whose idea of *Realpolitik* consists of clichés clipped out of *New Republic* editorials, were incensed to discover an ally who did not, apparently, live up to the Boy Scout oath. Besides, he was a convenient target—not to say scapegoat: an ugly, acne-scarred hood about to take over our beloved canal. How better to recover their reputations after all their disasters in Central America?

Because it is hard to conceive of our policies of the past several decades as anything but a prolonged disaster. The pattern goes something like this: first we support a hoodlum like Batista or the Somozas, as bulwarks of anticommunism and the American Way (read United Fruit Company); then we dump our ally in favor of a revolutionary party that claims to be fighting to establish democracy; then, when the revolution is successful, Fidel or Danny turns out to have meant not the liberal socialism of Harry Truman but the more virulent form of democracy whose first name is "people's," and we begin to support a rabble of ex-thugs, liberal college professors, and ne'er-do-wells whom we choose to call Freedom Fighters—but never to the point that they can win. The last thing we ever wanted was for the Nicaraguan Contras to win. We only wanted to put them into a better position to negotiate.

At the same time, we are attempting to bribe our way into power in Panama, Costa Rica, and El Salvador by funding the opponents of a leftist gangster (Noriega), a liberal democrat (Oscar Arias), and a militant rightist (Roberto D'Aubisson). As it turns out, the National Endowment for Democracy was not the only financial supporter of Oscar Arias' principal opponent: Manuel Noriega reportedly supplied the same candidate with a contribution of \$500,000. The net result is that the United States is hated and despised by the left, right, and center throughout the region.

The only justification for imperialism is success, and our own record—going back over the century—is a virtually unbroken string of failures. It is hard to decide which political party has dirtier hands, the Democrats with Presidents like Wilson and Kennedy and their crusades for democracy and Alliance for Progress, or the Republicans with William McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, and Dwight Eisenhower and their eagerness to cater to powerful business interests with a stake in Latin America. (Compared with his

predecessors, Mr. Bush is actually doing a good job in Central America by his refusal to get drawn into coups, plots, and revolutions. It is easy for outsiders to say he bungled the job in Panama, but not so easy to declare what we should have done. A cautious wait-and-see approach may well turn out to be the only prudent course.)

Fortunately for our reputation, there have been several American statesmen who refused to accept the proposition that it was in our interest either to embezzle the resources or interfere in the politics of our southern neighbors. In this group belong most of the Jeffersonians, including John Randolph and John C. Calhoun, leading populists like William Jennings Bryan, who was scandalized by the Spanish-American War, and many of the Midwestern isolationists. To a good many of their descendants, the most desirable policy could be summed up in the expression "Fish or cut bait." Either accept the responsibilities of empire and take over the region by main force and Americanize it, or else leave these poor people alone. Our usual tools of diplomacy—surrogate armies, bribery, assassination—are both dishonorable in themselves and unworthy of a great power. If Gen. Noriega or the Sandinistas are as evil and as dangerous as we say they are, then send in the Marines. Otherwise, we can easily afford to let them rot, setting as powerful a counterexample to the world as the Democratic Republic of Germany.

We should treat the nations of Central America with diplomatic dignity, as befits their status as sovereign states, and should not trouble ourselves with the form of government the peoples of El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Panama are willing to endure. At the same time, the United States should give them not a penny of loans or credits and let them understand that we shall continue in this policy either until such time as they begin to intervene directly in the affairs of their neighbors, in which case we reduce them to the status of a protectorate, or until they learn to govern themselves with "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind." If covert actions are necessary, as Mr. Liddy assures us they are, they should be undertaken solely in the American interest and never on such flimsy grounds as global democratism or a crusade against drugs.

Other countries, e.g., France and Israel, can afford to employ terrorism and covert action to accomplish their ends, because their governments have some notion of what it is they want to accomplish. We don't have a foreign policy; indeed, we never had. We have blundered into most of our major wars either by accident or at the whim of whatever political promoter happened to sit in the White House. The last war undertaken in the manifestly national interest was the Mexican War, and it is interesting to note how many of the great Whig imperialists were against it, including the American Cromwell—Mr. Lincoln.

The very word *nationalism* has an ugly ring to it, contaminated—as it has been—by the economic and political imperialism that has predominated in both major parties for most of this century. (The Republicans in the periods after both world wars are the major exceptions.) Still, something like nationalism is worth reviving as a motivating force behind all policy-making. Whether we agree to call it nationalism, patriotism, or the national interest, such a

principle must be advanced as the first step toward extricating the nation from the tangle of bad judgment and bad faith that has balled up both foreign and domestic policy.

The first and foremost aspect of nationalism is the healthy recognition that as individuals we do not belong to some amorphous mass of "all mankind." We live, not just in specific families and communities, but also in nations. The nation-state as we know it in modern times may be partly the creation of the last several centuries, but the nation as such was in existence a good thousand years before the Greeks created the *polis*. Every man, to the extent he is a man, acknowledges some form of national allegiance, whether it is his band, his tribe, his king, or his federal republic. That is among the things Aristotle meant by his declaration that man was a *zoon politikon*, an animal designed to live in a social and political community. To escape from such political ties, he also said, a creature would have to be either a god or a beast, and there is little evidence of divinity in the UN politburo.

What is a nation and what is it for? Whatever the members of our Congress may think, it is not, as Treitschke observed, "a debating society." The German nationalist went on to argue that the political apparatus of the nation, what we have come to call the state, exists primarily for purposes of offense and defense. Whenever liberal and humane goals advance those purposes, they are worthy of consideration, although not necessarily of adoption. The home mortgage deduction, for example, serves to create a stable class of landholding citizen-soldiers vital to the defense of a nation that cannot afford to depend on mercenaries or a ragtag volunteer army. What good purpose our other social policies are supposed to serve is anybody's guess.

The problem with Treitschke's formulation is its imperial ring. As a German preoccupied with German reunion, he had a natural concern with expansion, but it is not clear that under most circumstances the creation of an empire actually serves the interest of the imperial nation. One of the first great empires in our history was the creation of the Assyrians, who strained all their resources in maintaining a losing cause, and it is not clear that the Persians or the British, as nations, benefited in the long run from their conquests. The Romans may be the great exception, although if we can believe the complaints of Juvenal (among many others), the Roman and Italian peoples who created the empire were submerged by the conquered races who poured into Rome in search of "economic opportunity."

Americans, however, are not made out of the heavy Roman wool or even the cheaper manufactures of Manchester. Our homespun is a kind of cloth that cannot endure a change of climate. Subjected to the heat and damp of the tropics, the national fiber begins to rot. Since there is no point in making policy that does not suit the warp and woof of the national character, we may as well resign ourselves to a policy of armed and militant isolationism and revive our ancient symbol of the coiled rattlesnake: "Don't Tread on Me."

Finally, all our national policies—whether they are concerned with trade, immigration, foreign ownership, or nuclear disarmament—must be made with both eyes kept

on the main objectives: the security and well-being of the American nation. This is not always the same as the bottom line for American business. Time after time, our government has been dragged into ill-advised foreign adventures on the grounds that it is good for business. Trade follows the flag, we were told, and such a justification was used to defend our repeated incursions into Nicaragua for the benefit of United Fruit. The result was foreseen long ago: the countries whose sovereignty we have most often offended against are precisely the countries in which leftist revolutions have been most successful—Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico. For those who wish to learn and relearn the lessons of Vietnam, what was it brought us into collision with the Japanese empire, if not our concern for profits to be made in Southeast Asia? What else was the justification for our involvement in what became the Vietnam War? No more Vietnams ought to mean no more wars undertaken to promote the interests of imperial corporations.

Above all, no more Vietnams should mean no more global crusades to advance democracy, because the more we fight for democracy abroad, the less of it we seem to have at home. This is no paradox. What the great global democrats—the advisors of Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt, and Kennedy—really wanted was a domestic revolution. World War I became the pretext for introducing a command economy and economic planning (as both William McNeill and Murray Rothbard have pointed out); World War II was converted into a crusade for equality, civil rights, and the Welfare State; and the cancer of imperial government never grew as rapidly as it did in the Vietnam years.

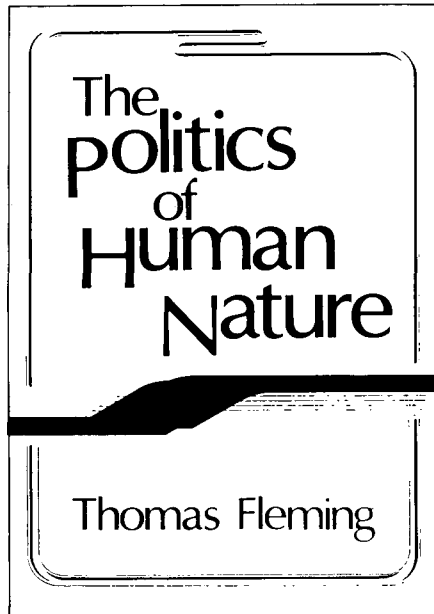
Even the best-intentioned crusades go awry. The postwar anticommunism, around which so many decent conservatives and liberals rallied, has been turned into a terrible machine that exists to raise money and polarize Americans against each other. Mesmerized by the spectre of global communism, we undertook to impose loyalty oaths and to devise an orthodox ideology of social democracy every bit as rigid and preposterous as Marxism. One leading conservative announced to the Philadelphia Society several years ago that America needs anticommunism as a force to hold the nation together. This means, in practice, the sort of siege mentality that can justify almost any abuse of power. Marx, who once defined ideology as a set of principles used to defend the interests of a ruling class, must have been smiling in his beard.

Now that anticommunism is fading away from the scene as an integrative ideology, ideologues are floundering about in search of its replacement. Some have hit upon the temporary expedient of a drug war; others have projected a more long-range crusade for democratic globalism, while still others have opted for a no-limits-to-growth utopian model of the global marketplace and economic interdependence. Conservatives of the postwar generation that is coming to power will have to learn to recognize that globalism is only a dishonest synonym for the old imperialism that has almost succeeded in destroying the old republic. The old ideals of limited government and free enterprise; combined with the statecraft of the rattlesnake, are still the best weapons against the banana republicans of both parties.



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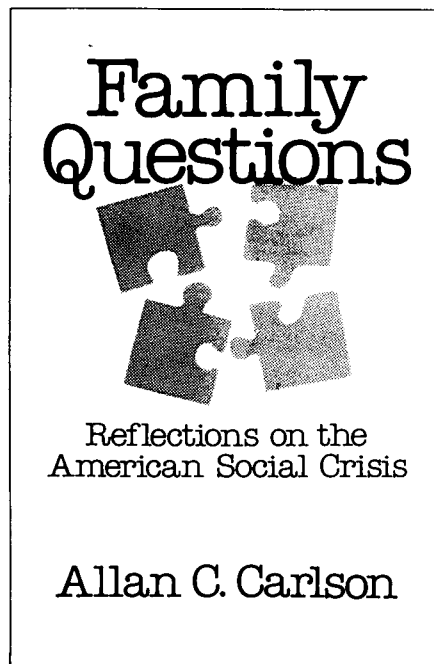
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Before You Bet Against the Market . . .

by Peter Brimelow

“They’re wiping out our industries,” said my southern California friend, staring moodily out across the Pacific ocean beyond which They—the Japanese—were presumably lurking even as he spoke.

“They’re buying up all our land,” confirmed his wife. “Of course, we’re so stupid, we just let them.”

“They need another earthquake over there,” her brother-in-law joked darkly. “That would give us a chance.”

I felt mildly embarrassed. Not because I was an immigrant (Britain via Canada) confronted with a raw expression of American nationalism. I approve of nationalism. I think it’s intrinsic to the nature of man and fundamental to world political order. The Americans have not really underwritten the security of the free world—and the British and Canadians certainly did not go to war in 1939—because of a theoretical understanding of the demerits of the totalitarian state.

I particularly approve of American nationalism in southern California. The transformation of the American Southwest by legal and illegal immigration, entirely because of official passivity, strikes me as one of the most astounding developments of contemporary history. My friends have real reason to feel that their way of life is threatened.

But healthy emotion can be perverted. Chickens after pecking their way out of the egg can supposedly fall in love with footballs or whatever their eye first lights upon. Similarly, nationalists can fall in love with protectionism. They become deaf to all economists’ eloquent explanations

that the policy works paradoxically and ultimately weakens the very economy it’s supposed to benefit.

Because to anyone drilled in classical economic principles, my friends’ reactions were simply fallacious. Individual industries may be wiped out—but American consumers benefit overall from the lower import prices. Foreign investors might buy land—but they can’t take it home; they are at the mercy of American laws and taxes; and of course some American has walked off with their money. An earthquake might topple the Japanese economy—but that economy is one of the pillars of world prosperity and Americans would be crushed in its fall.

Of course, it’s possible to mount ingenious counterattacks on these principles. I know: I spent much of my adolescence doing it (see below). Over the years, though, I’ve gradually come to the conclusion that the free-market system has simply extraordinary power—power that it’s not always easy to appreciate at first if your intellectual interests are primarily literary or historical. (I also think that the free market is intrinsically bound up in the history and culture of the English-speaking world, but that’s another story.) For present purposes, let me issue this warning, the result of hard experience: think twice, many times, before you bet against the market.

The reason I felt embarrassed was a memory from my checkered career as a wandering WASP. I was a British-accented polemicist in Canada, writing for *Maclean’s* and the *Financial Post*, bashing the then-dominant Canadian “Nationalists” for making similarly misconceived arguments against America’s economic presence. Now I’ve moved on to America. And I find the wretched arguments have pursued me here.

There are some differences, however. Canada’s “Nationalists” were basically disguised socialists. Like socialists

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everywhere, they sought to get around the awkward fact that socialism doesn't work by inventing new rationales for government intervention.

Generally, socialists have replaced their efficiency arguments with equity arguments. Rather than saying government intervention would make the economy better, they now say it would be fairer—less racist, sexist, ecologically impure and so on. But Canada's socialists justified their interventionist itch by exploiting vague public nervousness about the colossus to the south. They shamelessly abandoned their brotherhood-of-man principles and adopted rhetoric that they would otherwise have been the first to denounce as atavistic and reactionary.

It was all hypocrisy, of course. At exactly the same time, the Canadian left was welcoming a new flood of nontraditional immigrants and inventing reasons ("multiculturalism") why they need not assimilate to Canadian norms. Canada's ineffable essence, apparently, was threatened only by Americans—which is why I always put "Nationalist" in quotation marks.

(Notice, by the way, that I said "then-dominant." In 1987, the "Nationalist" hegemony in Canada was severely shaken when they were unable to stampede the electorate into voting against the Free Trade Agreement with the US negotiated by the Progressive Conservative federal government. As recently as four years earlier, the overwhelming conventional wisdom had been that any such bilateral agreement was "politically impossible." But in fact it was key to the Conservatives' re-election. I offer this encouraging story to those *Chronicles* readers who might be feeling depressed about the pervasiveness of similar ideological hegemonies in American public discourse.)

Of course, some liberals in the US have experimented with a similar fake nationalism, usually aimed at Japan. Congressman Richard Gebhardt even achieved fifteen seconds of fame with the issue while running in last year's Democratic presidential primaries.

But my friends' American nationalism is the real, unpunctuated thing. They are stern, unbending conservatives whom I've known since we were a persecuted minority together at Stanford in the closing days of the Vietnam War.

The great glory of the American conservative movement is that it has always been more explicitly ideological than its British counterpart. (Canada? Don't even ask.) The principled commitment of American conservatives to free markets has been the rock, increasingly submerged, upon which repeated protectionist waves have broken in recent years. At least in this case, however, the rock is beginning to, well, rock.

"Good," many *Chronicles* readers will say. But I still think that the Japanese themselves are the main victims of their peculiar version of neomercantilism, that their trade imbalance with the US will eventually cure itself, and that, in the meantime, the US needs those capital imports. This is a technical issue. But there's a real danger that the American economy could be stunted if the process is not allowed to run its course.

However, my friends' deviationism is a reminder that economics is underpinned by cultural and political values. The fake nationalism of the English Canadian left was ultimately preposterous because English Canada and Amer-

ica share common values, to say nothing of common military defences.

Which brings me to another memory: my own flirtation with economic nationalism. Growing up in Britain in the latter half of the 20th century was in some ways quite depressing—sort of like losing the Vietnam War every other year. The country's geopolitical position imploded. Defeatism was utter and complete.

Looking back, Britain seemed to have been on a slippery slope to catastrophe ever since the First World War. But prior to that, one politician with a sense of history had made a real and dramatic effort to seize control of the situation. His name was Joseph Chamberlain (the much-reviled Neville Chamberlain was his son by an American second wife).

Joseph Chamberlain wanted to weld together Britain and its self-governing Dominions, such as Canada and Australia, into a federal union. He also wanted to reach agreement with Imperial Germany rather than continue to drift in alliance with France into what was clearly shaping up to be World War I.

At that time, Britain had absolutely free trade. But the new economic blocs of the American Republic and the German Empire were fiercely protectionist. Chamberlain wanted to raise British tariff barriers against them, while at the same time offering "imperial preference" to the Dominions. Indeed, his grass-roots organization was called the Tariff Reform League.



It may be at some point that an American trade-off between protectionism and total economic utility will be worth making—but only in the context of an overall political program.



At the age of 70, on the verge of taking over the Conservative Party, Chamberlain was crippled by a stroke. "His labor was in vain," Enoch Powell has written, "and the years have condemned it." But at the time Imperial Federation was a very live issue. And it's surely not fanciful to think that something better could have been done with Britain in this century than what actually occurred.

It was while brooding over this episode in retrospect—we were solitary teenagers—that I experimented with the arguments for economic nationalism.

Of course, I haven't brooded about Britain for many years. I sincerely believe that Elijah's mantle has passed to the Americans, and I've passed myself along with it. Does this mean I lack a certain emotional commitment that would be patriotically goaded by the sight of Japanese cars in the US (or, of course, American cars in Canada)? Alternatively, does it help me think clearer? I wonder.

The way I reconcile my responses is as follows: the protectionism of Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League can only be understood as one part of an internally-consistent

British *Weltpolitik*. Similarly, it may be at some point that an American trade-off between protectionism and total economic utility will be worth making—but only in the context of an overall political program, for example if the US decides to retreat into a hemispheric fortress. Getting the trade balance off the evening news, or even protecting sensitive Republican constituencies, is probably not good enough.

Economic nationalists might not think much of this concession. But Libertarians will immediately detect heresy too: I'm not treating free trade as an end in itself. That's right. I've never understood why we are supposed to be so upset at the idea of tariffs (taxes) on trade, while accepting taxes on income, which seem to me to be just as disruptive to the free play of market forces. This paradox is particularly clear in the case of Joseph Chamberlain, since he proposed to use tariff revenues to finance the various social programs favored by contemporary opinion. In the event, Britain's welfare state has been financed by increases in income tax, then virtually nonexistent, that would have been unimaginable at the time.

One current example of the pros and cons of economic nationalism: South Africa. Successive Afrikaaner governments have always been interventionist, not to say socialistic. Dismantling their misguided economic controls is produc-

ing a surge of growth, much of it off the books and in the black community, that has gone no small way to alleviating the effects of sanctions. But at the same time, protectionism has contributed to building up the country's industries, notably armaments, which although strictly speaking uneconomic has in the event allowed South Africa to survive the choking of key imports by sanctions. So the policy has been both bad and—given the extraordinary circumstances—good.

Economic nationalists tend to think of economics as the clash of armies. Actually, it's more like the clash of navies—under sail. You can maneuver to a certain extent. But you can only do so if you understand and respect the markets winds, tides—and storms.

I've said I no longer brood about Britain. But it's interesting to contemplate the very different situation in which my poor birthplace now finds itself. The British elite, with the possible exception of Margaret Thatcher, now wants the country to repress its nationalist impulses—in the cause, however, not of free trade but of the Brussels bureaucracy and its ambitions for a unitary (and, incidentally, anti-American) state.

American conservatives may be wavering on free trade. But at least they show no signs of this self-immolating Eurofanaticism. 

Admit Impediments

by Jane Greer

Into the ark of sleep descend our breaths,
small coupled animals. Our several deaths
flung us this evening headlong heavenward, and earth's

finer distinctions between love and sin
perished too, briefly, as the sweet, hard-won
pleasure we labored over came and went. We learn

nothing from non-success, cry out and thrash,
beasts in a snare, to make ourselves one flesh—
as though we really could. Today the priest smudged ash

into our foreheads as we gravely knelt,
admonished us to search ourselves for guilt,
banished us to the garden Second Adam built.

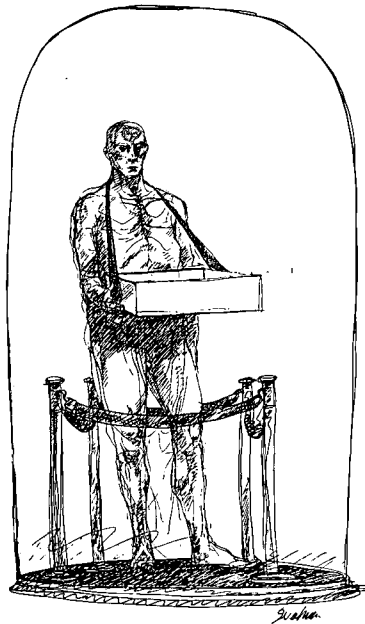
There will we also lie like strangers after passion?
Or will the word be flesh, the flesh forgiven
its driven, unholy hunger? Will I learn who you are in Heaven?

Whose Wealth of Whose Nation?

The Case Against Unfettered Trade

by William R. Hawkins

*"Then the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tongued wizards withdrew,
And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to believe it was true
That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four—
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once more."*



Rudyard Kipling wrote the above lines in 1919, the year after World War I ended. The war had delivered a fatal blow to international laissez-faire. It had shattered the dream of classical liberals that interdependence would put an end to national conflict. The claim of J.B. Say, that as a consequence of his celebrated Law of Markets "[a]ll nations are friends in the nature of things," sounded rather empty to the veterans of the trenches. It well deserved a place in Kipling's critique of utopian liberalism.

The war had revealed England's weakened economy. The U-boats had nearly starved the interdependent island, while England's industrial capacity and financial reserves proved inadequate to sustain its position as a dominant power. Both Germany and the US had surpassed "free trade" England in industry at the turn of the century by creating large internal or otherwise politically protected markets. In the years before the war England had found itself in somewhat the same situation as the US today. British industries were blocked from exporting to most of the world by foreign mercantilist policies, yet its own empire was open to rivals. The US exported more steel to the overseas British Empire than did British firms, while British exports to the vast US market were restricted by tariffs.

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World War I also made the US the world's largest creditor nation, a status it held until 1983. The center of world finance shifted to New York from London and the dollar replaced the pound as the world's key currency. The dollar still holds a central position, but the long-term prospect is not good. Continued large trade deficits will put downward pressure on the dollar, as will the shift in the net American flow of overseas investment income from positive to negative. A currency that is likely to drop in value makes a poor basis for a world economy. If policies do not change, the strong Japanese yen will replace the dollar by the end of the century. Already as a result of Japan's economic prowess, eight of the world's ten largest banks are Japanese. As of 1986, Japanese banks held 31.6 percent of all bank assets worldwide (the US held 18.6 percent). And every year that the trade imbalance continues, the financial situation worsens.

Free traders have dismissed the merchandise trade deficit by claiming that there can be no overall imbalance because dollars paid out for imports are recycled to the American economy as capital investment. This is true in a narrow accounting sense, but those who cannot look beyond their simple ledger sheets miss the bigger picture of the international realignment of wealth and productive capacity. Americans are consuming goods on credit, then selling off their assets to pay the bills. Such profligate behavior leads to a

relative decline in favor of the creditors.

There are two basic categories of foreign investment: direct investment in the ownership of enterprises (FDI), and portfolio investment (FPI) in long-term financial instruments. Direct investment accounts for about one out of every six dollars of foreign investment in the US. The Commerce Department has estimated that at the end of 1988, 15 percent of American manufacturing was controlled by foreign-owned firms. There was a record inflow of \$58 billion in FDI in 1988, compared to only \$17 billion in US direct investment placed overseas. The main factor cited by Commerce in their 1988 report on international direct investment was the basic profitability and stability of the American economy. Yet the US has always been attractive on these grounds. What is different in the 1980's is that foreigners have lots of dollars to invest, thanks to the trade deficit and dollar devaluation. Another worrisome factor, this one cited by Commerce, is that foreigners "are becoming increasingly confident in their ability to compete with US firms in the United States."

At the moment, the US economy (due to its vast size) is less influenced by FDI than are many other host countries. However, the effects will accumulate like those of a slow leak. It took the *Titanic* two and a half hours to sink after hitting the iceberg. Pointing only to current figures while ignoring the trend, which is what many free traders do in regard to investment flows, is like reporting after the first half hour that since the ship is still afloat there is nothing to worry about.

Some foreign investors are very ambitious. Masaaki Kurokawa, head of Nomura Securities, has predicted that California will become a joint US-Japan community based on Japanese money and managers and American land and labor. So enthusiastic is Kurokawa that he has even claimed that California will cease to be considered part of America. This is farfetched, perhaps, but economic imperialism has a long history. The United States has used it to influence events in foreign lands, so why do American leaders believe others will not?

The shift in investment flows marks a waning of American wealth and power. During the 1975-80 period, the US was the source of 44.2 percent of the world's international direct investment funds. In the 1980-85 period this dropped to 19.3 percent. During the 1982-87 period, US firms acquired \$23.4 billion worth of foreign companies, but foreign firms bought up \$101.9 billion worth of American companies. State governments in the US know where the money is today. More states have offices in Tokyo than in Washington. Several states have been very aggressive in courting FDI, hoping for local gains even at the cost of undermining the national economy.

Often it is said that it is better for foreign firms to produce in the US than simply to export goods produced overseas to the American market—that at least the factories, jobs, and tax base are in the US. There is some truth to this—at least the argument recognizes the damage done by imports—but it is not the whole story. It overlooks the role of FDI as a market extension strategy, as a way to penetrate overseas areas. About one-third of exports to the US go to foreign affiliates in the US; components to be

assembled in production, capital equipment and supplies, even the materials and personnel to build the facilities themselves originate abroad. These American affiliates are "hollow" or "beachhead" corporations. As they expand, so does the trade deficit. American-owned affiliates overseas play the same role in boosting US exports. This is why a shift in the balance between American and foreign multinational firms affects the domestic economy so strongly. As the market share of foreign business empires expands, the market share remaining for American firms shrinks. And since foreign firms have access to low-cost capital (the cost of capital in Japan is half that of the US), they can at present expand when American firms are unable to.

It is national power that writes the rules of the game.

Victory in these commercial struggles cannot be a matter of indifference to governments. As Princeton's Robert Gilpin reminds us in his *Political Economy of International Relations*, the corporations that operate in the world arena

are not truly multinational; they are not divorced from a particular nationality. Home governments not only have the incentive but also may have the power to fashion commercial and other policies designed to benefit their own multinationals at the expense of competing firms and other economies.

The money involved in foreign portfolio investment is even greater than in direct investment. Private FPI accounts for 60 percent of America's \$1.5 trillion (and growing) foreign debt. It grew at an annual rate of 50 percent between 1980 and 1987. Over this period, foreign activity shifted from Treasury securities to corporate bonds to the stock market and back. In 1985, bonds of American corporations sold overseas equaled one-third of the bonds issued publicly in the US. In 1986, foreigners bought 25 percent of all the newly issued US corporate equities, as well as 15 percent of all newly issued corporate bonds. In 1987, the inflow of private FPI roughly equaled all individual savings generated by Americans.

Free traders argue that the influx of capital boosts domestic economic growth, and this is true. But again their focus is too narrow. The dollars start and end in the US, recycled through foreign hands. Would it not be better if this capital stayed in the US to begin with, earned by American firms selling in the domestic market and reinvested by and for Americans? The problem is as much cultural as economic. American society is far more interested in present consumption than future growth. Both private and public spending levels rest on debt, with a growing dependence on foreigners for financing.

This is economically unsustainable and politically unwise. A saturation point will be reached. A slowdown in the US economy, a political crisis, the onset of inflation or a further slide in the dollar will increase the risk to foreign holders of dollar-denominated assets. If the country is still dependent on foreign borrowings when that happens, the result will be

higher interest rates and a dramatic slowdown in the domestic economy.

To pay off debt and interest charges, the US will have to return to a trade surplus or suffer the downward spiral of accelerating asset sales. The market solution is massive dollar devaluation to cut imports and boost exports. However, this also reduces the terms of trade, so that an even larger transfer of real goods and assets is required. Debts are claims against future income, and current policy is making these claims larger.

The proper solution is to end both the trade and budget deficits. Either a tax increase or a budget reduction would accomplish this, though the second is preferable. The private sector cannot stand a further shift of resources to government if it is to recover the ground lost to foreign competitors. Indeed, tax cuts to encourage savings and investment are vital elements of any industrial policy. The reduction in aggregate demand necessary to solve the debt problem should be managed at the expense of imports. It would be self-defeating to slow the domestic economy by taking the hit at home. That means intervention to curtail imports so that 1) domestic demand can be maintained even as its aggregate drops, and 2) the country can move to a trade surplus without gutting the dollar.

The US also needs to escape its dependence on foreign capital for political reasons. A "globalized" capital market is likely to become more sensitive to international tensions and crises. And from this will come greater pressure on the US to avoid conflict through appeasement. In the past, the nervousness of allies and neutrals over confrontations or military operations has been expressed in diplomatic terms that a determined administration could politely ignore. But if that nervousness can now be expressed by a drop in the stock market, a jump in interest rates or factory lay-offs, with the distress this will cause among the business community and domestic electorate, any administration will become even more wary of taking strong action. Foreign firms have already organized their American employees to campaign for policies that favor their interests, while millions of dollars are funneled to candidates, former officials, and think tanks to influence decisions. Given the pacifism of our allies and trading partners in Europe and Japan, the danger is not just that America's enemies will control its economy, but that its friends will. Indeed, the "peace in our time" rhetoric from the Reagan-Bush White House over the last five years may already be a sign of this.

Such an inhibition would be the negation of Great Power status. A Great Power by definition is one that has the freedom to act unilaterally, to take as little or as much of the outside world as its interests dictate. The kind of economic interdependence now being promoted would have the same effect on the United States that being tied down by the Lilliputians had on Gulliver.

The relative decline of the United States and the diffusion of power across a multipolar globe bodes ill both for Americans and the world at large. It must be remembered that what stability there has been during the last half of this century has been due to the preeminence enjoyed by the US since its triumph in World War II. As William R. Thompson noted in his study *On Global War*,

The more pronounced and unambiguous the postwar hierarchy of prestige, as reflected in the dominance of the leading power, the more likely the system to enjoy a period of peace and stability. . . . Their decline, however, creates situations of conflict and instability.

There has been a world economy for five hundred years, but it has not depended on anything as dubious as an "invisible hand." The stakes are too high. It is national power that writes the rules of the game, and protects the property rights of citizens and clients. The system has been capitalist without being laissez-faire: the dominant power provides the bulk of investment capital and a stable currency. It does not do this out of altruism, but because it profits from its position as the most advanced economy. It is dominant because it is able to outperform rivals in the leading sectors of the economy.

Unfortunately, the United States has been losing ground in all these leadership categories. Current trade and investment problems are symptoms of a deeper malaise. The downward trend started in the 1970's, but became more evident in the 1980's. Between 1972 and 1987, American manufacturing productivity increased only one-third as fast as West Germany and one-eighth as fast as Japan. During 1983-88, US fixed investments' share of GDP was one-half that of Japan. American growth since 1982 has depended primarily on increased labor participation; more workers rather than more productive workers. In the modern age, that is the antithesis of progress. Not only is this poor economics, it is harmful social policy and a dangerous national strategy.

As disturbing as this trend is, even more disturbing is the non-response of so many. To spend one's efforts trying to explain away or rationalize ominous developments rather than seek solutions is to become part of the problem. For when we cease to worry about the nation's relative standing in the world, the situation is truly lost. ◇

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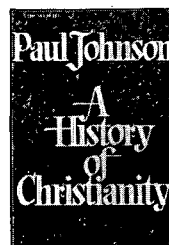
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Put Money in Thy Purse

The Case For Foreign Investment

by Alan Reynolds



In 1967, *The American Challenge* by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber predicted that by the 1980's American multinationals would have virtually bought up European industry. A decade later, there was another big scare—the Arabs were going to buy up all the US farmland (some farmers now wish this had been true, since the price of farmland subsequently collapsed). A bit later, the big worry was that American companies were building too many factories in Asia, supposedly “exporting jobs” to tax havens, or to places with “cheap labor.” Today, the latest anxiety is not that we are exporting factories, but that we are *importing* them!

After what may soon be the longest and strongest economic expansion in US history, it takes some ingenuity to find something to complain about. The most frivolous complaint, surely, is that the US is “the world’s biggest debtor.” After all, we used to be the world’s biggest *lender*—to Argentina, Peru, and Poland—and look where that got us. The difference between the value of foreigners’ *smart* investments in the US stock and bond markets and our own *foolish* loans abroad is the so-called “net debt”!

The zero-sum notion that the stock of US capital is fixed, so that if foreigners have more we must have less, is equally absurd. Those who sell shares in a US company to foreigners don’t just burn the money they receive. Instead, they use the proceeds to provide equity or loans for *another*

business. The total of funds available to expand US businesses or to build new homes thus expands by roughly the amount of the foreign investment.

Land might seem to be a special case, because it is limited in quantity. But the *value* of land is not limited, and it will be most efficiently used if sold to the highest bidders. The amount of real estate offered for sale at any one time is quite small relative to the total available. To arbitrarily restrict the number and class of people who would be allowed to bid for the tiny amount of land, homes, and buildings offered for sale would reduce the market value of a vastly larger *stock* of US land. The effect of keeping foreigners out of the bidding process would thus end up making all US landowners and homeowners poorer. If someone wants to offer \$500,000 for my house, I won’t check his citizenship very carefully, nor will I worry about ending up homeless. In any case, I have a right to sell my property to the highest bidder, and it’s none of the government’s business.

To place arbitrary limits on the uses to which foreign-owned *dollars* could be put (such as restricting the foreign use of dollars for investment) would likewise diminish the utility of dollars. Dollars simply become less valuable when they can only be used in certain limited ways. It is no coincidence that the announcement on October 14, 1987, that Congress was merely considering restrictions on foreign investment was quickly followed by a crash in both the dollar and the stock market.

It is a myth, though, that the weak dollar made US assets a bargain for foreigners. If foreigners thought the dollar

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would stay weak (it didn't), then their *profits* on US assets, such as dividends and rents, would also be devalued when converted back into German marks or Japanese yen. The urge to invest in this country has persisted regardless of the exchange rate, because it reflects fundamentally improved investment opportunities in the US.

If a foreigner wants to invest in the United States, he must first acquire dollars. He can do that by selling either goods or assets from his own country to people who have dollars—overwhelmingly, Americans. We don't want the assets of most other countries as much as we want ours, so they have to offer goods instead. Suppose a Swedish exporter sells us some vodka, and ends up with a million dollars. He then has only two choices: he can either buy US goods or US assets, such as stocks and bonds, or he can trade the dollars for another currency—but then whoever bought the dollars still has to buy American goods or assets. If many foreign exporters choose to hold American assets rather than goods, the result is an American capital surplus and matching current account (trade) deficit. It doesn't last forever, though, because the imported factories and machines eventually *produce more goods*, and that increased production capacity replaces imports and expands exports.

What would happen if foreign exporters refused to accept American assets in payment for their exports? Then they would have to either buy more goods from us, sell less, or give us their goods for free. Either way, the trade deficit would vanish. This is what people mean when they say the US has been “mortgaging the future.” They mean foreigners will eventually buy more US goods by selling their US stocks and bonds. But we needn't waste much time with any argument that begins by worrying that foreigners are buying *too few* US goods and then ends by worrying that foreigners will later buy *too many* US goods.

Any homeowner who has a mortgage is also “mortgaging the future” if we only look at the debt and ignore the value of the house. Such primitive single-entry bookkeeping is the source of most anxieties about debt, whether foreign or domestic. In fact, US asset values have grown far more rapidly than debt. According to a recent study by David Bradford, net worth of households (assets minus debts) increased by \$2.2 trillion from 1980 to 1987, measured in constant 1982 dollars.

People in countries with a “capital deficit” (which is the other side of their current account surplus) are choosing to invest in the US rather than in their own countries. This is not merely financial capital. It means more offices, airports, and factories being built here rather than abroad. Such capital outflows make *future* production weaker in the trade-surplus countries and stronger in the United States. By not reinvesting Taiwanese savings within Taiwan, for example, that country has been exporting its seed corn. Countries that do that too long, including West Germany, are having a national “going out of business” sale.

If foreigners prefer to invest their savings in the US, rather than in their own countries, that means they expect, and help create, better opportunities for profitable production inside the US.

In a world where capital is free to move from one country to another with the speed of electronic communications, the

whole 16th-century mercantilist idea that current accounts should be “balanced” makes no sense. To have zero current account deficits means zero capital flows, which is literally impossible. Things that are *impossible* should not be held up as *ideal*. Adam Smith explained it well in 1776. “Nothing can be more absurd,” he wrote, “than this whole doctrine of the balance of trade, upon which, not only [trade] restraints, but almost all the other regulations of commerce are founded.”

New York City has been running trade deficits with the rest of the United States for many decades. New York City imports all its food from places like Iowa and California, imports all its cars from places like Michigan, and produces almost nothing for export to other states. About all they have left are those much-maligned “service jobs”—on Wall Street and Madison Avenue. Economists and journalists who write about the alleged inferiority of service sector jobs are, of course, part of that same service sector. Few of them really want to work on assembly lines or in sweat shops.

A group called Citizens Against Foreign Control of America wants to slap a 20 percent tariff on all imports. That is, US consumers would pay a 20 percent tax so that manufacturers located here (including foreign-based companies, such as Nestlé, Bayer, and Shell) could safely hike prices by 20 percent without fear of foreign competition. If such a protectionist policy were announced, foreign companies would rush to build and buy even more plants *inside* the US tariff wall. To do that, they would have to import machinery and parts, because we can't build a new Toyota or Sony from scratch. The trade deficit would *increase* in the short run, even aside from the certainty of retaliation. With the cost of production and cost of living 20 percent higher than elsewhere, thanks to tariffs, the US economy would soon slip into chronic decay.



**If investment is good—and it is—then
more investment is even better, regardless
who clips the coupons.**



Before we get so generous with bailouts for sleepy old big businesses, we at least ought to ask what it means to describe a company as “American.” Ford is a giant producer of vehicles all over the globe. Ford imports the Scorpio from Germany, the Tracer from Mexico, and the Capri from Australia. But Ford (like Chrysler, GM, and Honda America) is also starting to *export* thousands of US vehicles, particularly to Europe. Are we to call Ford an American company merely because its headquarters happens to be in Dearborn? Half of IBM's employees are overseas, so is IBM only half American? On the other hand, Honda is becoming mainly a US-based auto producer, even in the area of engine production, and is exporting US cars to Japan, Taiwan, and Europe. If American investors buy 51 percent of the shares in American Honda, which they are free to do, in what sense should Honda *not* be considered as “American” as, say, IBM or Ford?

Mitsubishi runs "Buy American" ads, because most of its consumer electronics are built here. Mitsubishi also has a 50-50 joint venture with Chrysler, which builds the Plymouth Laser and Eagle Talon in Illinois. Ford likewise owns 25 percent of Mazda, which builds the excellent Ford-designed Probe in Michigan. Such cars are already replacing imports, and can be easily exported in large quantities as soon as production catches up with a long list of waiting US buyers. Would the US really be better off without these brand new state-of-the-art auto plants? Does anyone really believe that Ford, Chrysler, or GM could and would have built similar plants and cars on their own, without any foreign money or technology? Japan's newest and best auto and tire factories aren't being built in Japan—they're here. The same is true of the many German and Swiss chemical and drug companies—such as BASF, Ciba-Gigly, Sandoz and Hoechst—that employ many of my neighbors in New Jersey. Australian gold-mining companies have unleashed a new gold rush in the US. Canadian paper companies have expanded US capacity.

It is true, of course, that any dividends and capital gains from *successful* foreign enterprises in the US will go to those who made these businesses possible. That usually means a mixture of US and foreign investors, as in the Ford-Mazda and Chrysler-Mitsubishi deals. But if those supplying the funds happen to live in Zurich or London, paying interest and dividends on investments in successful enterprises is no more of a "burden" on the rest of us than if they lived in Des Moines. The main point is that we have the jobs and the tax base, even if part of the dividends go abroad.

The benefits from foreign takeovers of existing plants are somewhat more subtle than in the case of brand new factories, but nonetheless real. *The New York Times* recently

wrote that foreign takeovers of ailing US firms "are creating serious competitive threats to American companies. . . . For example, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company is threatened by the new, more powerful Firestone." Japan's Bridgestone doesn't sell nearly as many tires as Goodyear, and no Japanese tire stacks up very well in recent tests by *Car and Driver*. But Bridgestone plans to pour \$1.5 billion into the ailing Firestone Company in three years, to try to give Goodyear a run for its money. That's called competition, and it's not so bad. The alternative would have been more imports of Bridgestone tires, rather than more and better US-made Firestones.

The facts about foreign investment are readily available in Mack Ott's study for the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, or in Michael Becker's pamphlet for Citizens for a Sound Economy, but they have little influence on what is essentially a theological dispute. Foreigners hold about 1 percent of US farmland, 6 percent of US stock, 13 percent of corporate bonds, and 15 percent of all federal, state, and local debt. Yet US direct investment in other countries still exceeds foreign investment here. And foreign ownership is now a larger share of *all* major countries' stocks and bonds because of greatly increased international diversification of investments. Some 36 percent of German government bonds have been snapped up by foreigners in recent years, including Americans.

Canada has been importing capital every year since the country's birth, and it still has a foreign debt in excess of 40 percent of GNP. Yet without all those American and European mills, mines, and factories, Canada would have a standard of living similar to that of Mexico.

In what sense does the fact that some foreign investors have a large or controlling share of a few US companies mean that they "control" anything? They cannot force Americans to buy their products, or their securities, or to work in their plants. The critics want to have it both ways—arguing that three million jobs involved in foreign-owned firms doesn't amount to much, and yet also arguing that we will somehow all end up slaves to foreign employers.

In what sense does foreign investment hamper US policy? It supposedly means the Federal Reserve can't debauch the dollar with impunity, since foreigners will demand higher interest rates on bonds to compensate for the exchange rate risk. But that is equally true of American investors, who would fly back into Swiss francs or gold, as they did a decade ago, if the Fed inflated.

What has actually happened in the past seven years is that both foreign and American investors decided that the investment opportunities in the United States looked a lot brighter than elsewhere after tax rates were cut and inflation reduced. The result has been an enormous revitalization of the US economy, with manufacturing productivity rising by 4 percent a year, and the overall size of the economy (real GNP) a whopping 30 percent larger than it was in 1980.

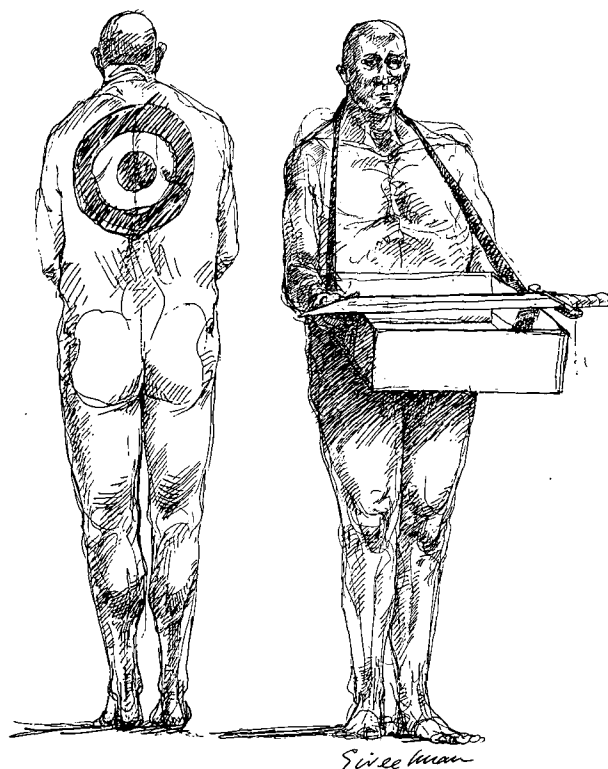
Complaints about foreign investment are an odd mix of collectivist notions about "our" property, naive identification of multinational firms with the country where they have their headquarters, and raw special-interest pleading on behalf of restricted competition. If investment is good—and it is—then more investment is even better, regardless who clips the coupons. 

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The Corporate Citizen

National vs. Transnational Economic Strategies

by Anthony Harrigan



Transnationalism isn't a term that is familiar to the American people. According to Peter Drucker, a leading advocate of transnationalism, a transnational company is one that operates in the global marketplace; that does its research wherever there are scientists and technicians, and manufactures where economics dictate (in many countries, that is); and that has a management that doesn't feel any allegiance to the economic or national security interests of the country in which it is incorporated. It obtains its financing from institutions around the world. In short, it regards itself as a free agent in a global economy.

The transnational company represents a mutation of the multinational. American companies have had foreign subsidiaries for many decades, and the American multinational has been built around the national interest of the United States. But some such companies are moving from multinational to transnational, and in doing so are consciously discarding their basic American orientation.

A case in point is the NCR Corporation. On April 12, 1989, economics columnist Hobart Rowen of *The Washington Post* quoted Gilbert Williamson, president of NCR, as saying, "I was asked the other day about competitiveness. I replied that I don't think about it at all. We at NCR think of ourselves as a globally competitive company that happens

to be headquartered in the United States."

Rowen went on to say with approval that "the modern corporation looks first to satisfying customers and to rolling up profits—forget the salute to the flag." He noted that Williamson didn't describe his company as American. "But five or six years ago, he almost certainly would have," he said.

Peter Drucker wants mid-size as well as large American companies to go transnational—to divorce themselves from the US national interest. He urges smaller business units to take the same route, saying it is "easier for them to operate without much regard for national boundaries." Mr. Drucker wants American business to begin thinking globally, though that may mean no longer thinking about what is good for the United States.

Writing in *Business Month* last June, Mr. Drucker said that "it does not matter to the transnational company which country is in the lead." The focus is on successful financial transactions, irrespective of the interest of a particular country, its people, and institutions. For example, it wouldn't matter that strategic trade with the Soviet Union may involve transfers of military technology that could endanger the United States, for a transnational company does not take such factors into account. Mr. Drucker says, "A company's domicile has become a headquarters and communications center. It could be based anywhere." And he argues that "[m]anagers need increasingly to base

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business policy on this new transnational superpower structure of business and industry."

Indeed, Mr. Drucker goes on to insist that what really counts is international money flows. The rise or fall of the dollar isn't, he argues, a matter of a business manager's concern from the standpoint of the US national interest. "The 'real' economy of goods and services no longer dominates the transnational economy. The symbol economy of money and credit does." He goes on to say that "ninety percent or more of the transnational economy's financial transactions do not serve what economists would consider an economic function. They serve a purely financial function."

Understand what that means: a transnational company would not be primarily concerned with manufactured products or services, but with financial transactions involving many countries, many banking institutions, and many currencies. Where, one wonders, is the public good in such a system, specifically the public good as envisioned by the American people and their government?

Mr. Drucker is not alone in favoring this new economic order. George Gilder, author of *Wealth and Poverty*, is another ardent advocate of the "no national borders" school of thought. He has argued that there is no more reason for a balance of trade between the US and Japan than between New York and Ohio. Ignoring the fact of national sovereignty, he favors the repeal of all security restrictions on strategic trade with the Soviet Union. For him borders have no meaning at all: he would open America's gates to anyone who wants to move here. His anti-national one-worldism dovetails with the transnational concept.

◆
Call this protectionism, mercantilism, or what you like, but every country in the world is determined to maintain sovereign control over its assets.
◆

Herbert Stein thinks along these same lines. He believes Americans should be free to acquire capital from the lowest-cost source, whether foreign or domestic. That the choice might create national dependency gives him no pause. He apparently is unconcerned that unsupervised flows could result in a loss of American control of American assets. In a letter to *The Wall Street Journal* he made the revealing statement that "I think this whole subject is confused by treating the flows of capital and goods as if there were flows between 'countries.'"

But of course they are just that. Like it or not, Messrs. Drucker, Gilder, and Stein can't deny the fact that the world is still organized on the basis of national states—national states with historical memories, historic and present-day political and military ambitions, cultural identities, and special national interests. Thus, while there are vast numbers of international economic transactions, there isn't a true global economy, without barriers and state objectives.

American companies don't just "happen" to exist in America. Their American officers and managers are Ameri-

can citizens, with all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The companies themselves are incorporated under US law and are subject to it. As American companies they enjoy many benefits, including the protection that the United States government provides to American citizens and American commercial entities. At least part of these companies' assets are held in American banking institutions that enjoy public safeguards. An American company is just that; it doesn't exist in legal and constitutional limbo. Corporations aren't stateless creatures; they, like citizens, can't have it both ways. If a company doesn't intend to be a part of the United States and help safeguard American economic interests, then it should incorporate somewhere else.

The problems that domestic American companies have experienced in recent years stem from two sources. The first is the penetration of the American market by foreign companies—often using transplant factories that displace American-owned, American-directed companies, as they come here with a host of home-based suppliers. The second is the hostile takeover craze and leveraged buyouts that have caused a mushrooming of corporate debt. A related problem is the use of so-called junk bonds in the LBOs, a financial practice designed for speculation rather than investment. A healthy free enterprise economy requires a very different kind of approach to the corporation:

Insofar as companies operating on the American scene are concerned, small, mid-size or big, law and public policy should be developed with the aim of minimizing regulation in a degree consistent with safety and financial regularity. But we cannot get away from the fact that the problem of foreign adversarial trade and the buying up of American assets also requires public understanding and legislative action. Call this protectionism, mercantilism, or what you like, but every country in the world is determined to maintain sovereign control over its assets and business structure. The great economic superpower of our time, Japan, protects its home market and closes its doors to a significant degree to imports, despite its lip service to free trade. Thus Japan awards all its public works contracts to Japanese firms—whereas in this country Japan is allowed to bid on and is awarded similar contracts, such as the building of a major new museum in Los Angeles.

It should be obvious that the United States can't maintain its business and industrial system if this double standard continues to prevail. One step in the right direction by the Reagan administration was its creation of the Brady Commission, which called for more safeguards in the markets in order to prevent speculative abuses. (The commission's recommendations were not implemented.) Passage last year of the Omnibus Trade Act was an important first move by the Congress. Also significant was President Bush's decision, under the terms of this law, to cite Japan for unfair trading practices—a presidential action that would have been unthinkable a few years earlier.

What of large-scale overseas manufacturing by American companies for the purpose of selling their products in the American market? Here the government and public must recognize that the Commerce Clause of the US Constitution gives Congress the *right* to determine business rules in accord with the national interest. Alexander Hamilton,

the first secretary of the Treasury, developed tariff plans that would ensure the development of the new republic's infant industries. Only since World War II has that Hamiltonian view not prevailed, and that is because in 1945 the United States was the only country in the world with undamaged industrial facilities.

Today things are different. Countries that forty years ago received vast US assistance to rebuild their economies have now become powerful competitors. Their factories are more modern and efficient, and as a general rule they have managed to keep their labor costs under control, while ours have soared. We have lost our lead in most major technologies, and are holding on to others by a thread. Our spending on scientific and technological research has declined. Foreign penetration of our universities and laboratories has become a problem, because foreign grants to these institutions have given other countries the benefits of American research. In Washington, massive foreign lobbying, involving hundreds of millions of dollars a year, continues to influence US government policy. (An example of this is the muting of government protests regarding the behavior of Japan's Toshiba Corporation, which sold secret submarine technology to the Soviet Union. The cost of this will run in the billions of dollars, not to mention the strategic damage.)

As more products used by Americans and produced by American-owned companies are manufactured abroad, it isn't surprising the idea has emerged that American-domiciled companies can and should be allowed to operate as though they didn't have any responsibility to the labor needs of the American people. This desire to operate without any national limitations is clearly seen in the drive by companies in the US-USSR Trade and Economic Council to press for US-Soviet strategic trade in order to maximize short-term profits, all at the expense of the US national interest.

The underlying ideology of transnationalism has its appeal. For many of its proponents transnationalism is part of the grand design for remaking the world—a new version of the old one-worldism, envisioned now in a new super-corporate form.

To people who are less greedy or less idealistic than the transnationalists, the question of how Americans will be employed in the future is of great national concern. Runaway factories constitute a threat to our well-being. The thirteen hundred American-owned factories on the Mexican side of our Southern border represent severe losses to American communities where they would have been located—losses of jobs, payrolls, taxes, and opportunities for the future. So it is with American factories that have gone to Singapore, Taiwan, Brazil, and other countries where labor costs are low.

If transnational business is encouraged, the American people will suffer. Thousands of small and mid-size companies also will suffer, for they will lose their role as suppliers. At the same time, one can be sure that the cash holdings of the offshore plants will go into banks around the world, not into American-owned financial institutions. And the funds generated by these offshore entities, or at least a large part of them, will be available for investments in other countries—for job opportunities, research, and education in those

countries—all to the disadvantage of the American people. Employment will decline, and serious public resentment and unrest may carry over into politics. American institutions, including universities and hospitals, will be deprived of funds now provided by American-based companies in hundreds of communities. In brief, the American economy will be hollowed out. The free enterprise system will rapidly lose support among the American people. It will lack the industrial base and technological resources—and the money—to maintain a strong national defense.

If the American-domiciled transnational company—distinct from the American company with foreign subsidiaries—is deemed to be contrary to the public interest, it can be required to adhere to the national interest by a number of means already established in law. For instance, restrictions on strategic trade have been in effect for many years. Reporting of fund transfers has been greatly expanded in recent years because of money laundering. Domestic Content laws may be imposed by Congress in order to limit foreign sourcing. The tax code offers innumerable possibilities by way of ensuring that funds earned abroad are repatriated and invested here. Laws can be enacted to require that all US operations abroad adhere to the same safety and environmental rules that govern plants in the United States.

If these measures prove inadequate, additional steps can be taken. H.P. Minsky, a professor of economics at Washington University, has pointed out that it is possible to revise corporate forms in American society, including a “move to some form of national incorporation law, perhaps only for giant corporations.” The terms of incorporation under such a law could include insistence on a national or conventional international business strategy and exclude the transnational approach that works against the national interest.

Such a law or package of laws would be comparable to the Sherman Antitrust Act of 1890, which transformed American business and prevented the participation of US companies in the domestic and international cartels then existing in the world. Like the Sherman Act, which President Theodore Roosevelt vigorously enforced, it would establish a new economic policy confirming national sovereignty in economic policy. The Sherman Act denied to monopolies and cartels the right to set economic policy for the nation. Its constitutionality has been confirmed time and again in the past century.

It should be recognized that such laws would only approximate what other democratic countries insist upon by way of ensuring that their nations' overseas economic operations satisfy the needs of these countries. It's unthinkable, for instance, that large Japanese companies operating abroad would oppose Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) guidance in operations that could be hurtful to the Japanese national interest. The British also have rules designed to safeguard the country's strategic industries against foreign takeovers. As Peter Drucker points out, France, too, has strict rules on foreign investment that are political in character. Why should we be any different? The primacy of national politics—national interests—is certain to endure even as transnational companies strive to become sovereign economic units on their own.

In considering restrictions on the transnational trend, Americans also should consider developments in Europe. In 1992, the European Economic Community will become a much stronger economic unit. It's clear that the Europeans are devising a power bloc with the intention of closing the region to economic invasion from other parts of the world. Many American-domiciled companies are hastening to get a foothold in the EEC countries before 1992, but it's reasonable to conclude that the European countries will resist transnationalism from this side of the Atlantic—even as they promote transnationalism to the extent that it benefits themselves.

The alleged inevitability of transnationalism represents a kind of determinism that isn't supported by history or the political facts of international life. There's nothing inevitable about the development or implementation of an economic theory, whether Marxist or mercantilist. If American political leaders and businessmen in small, mid-size, and large national enterprises conclude that transnationalism is a threat to free enterprise rather than a fulfillment of it, if they opt for a strategic economic policy that focuses on America's needs, then the transnationalism movement will die in the United States.

Such policies would not represent a break with our national tradition. They are grounded in the policy of the infant republic and the 19th century, under which the United States became the world's largest industrial country, and they are strange or unusual only in the sense of the special circumstances that prevailed after World War II, which became the basis of a doctrinal obsession (in some quarters) with free trade. Today the national circumstances

have changed and are likely to change even more as we move into the 21st century. The US already has begun to respond, especially to the emergence of Japan as an economic superpower and adversary, closely followed by other Pacific Rim countries. The nationalism inherent in this proposed economic policy is appropriate to an era in which nationalism is more pronounced than at any time in 45 years, and in which internationalism is widely supported as a theory rather than a practice. If transnationalism represents a positive good to the American people, this has not yet been demonstrated. The arguments advanced for it by Mr. Drucker and others only justify it in terms of what it may do for a limited number of corporate entities and their shareholders.

Some businesses are already waking up. The International Business Machines Corporation is reported to be changing its corporate strategy to focus on its role as an American company. *The Washington Post* reported last June that IBM, with 40 percent of its employees overseas, is accentuating its role in the United States. It helped launch an American consortium of companies to make computer memory chips in and for the United States. Vice Chairman J.D. Kujehler told a Senate committee that IBM is "a US-based company." The *Post* described the consortium as "the latest example of the emerging high-tech nationalism." It appears, therefore, that IBM is rethinking its global strategy to accommodate American concerns. American-based entities, which receive the protection of the US government, have to serve the American national interest. We cannot allow them to do otherwise.

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Poems Written on Hotel Stationery

by *David R. Slavitt*

1. *Las Brisas*

A cliff . . . they often put these hotels on cliffs.
Birds dart across the sky making squeaky-toy
cries of delight. (Or are they hungry?) Below,
we see the sea and can descend for lunch
in the shelter of thatch. Outside, in the sun on the sand,
natives trudge, hawk silver bracelets, dresses,
hats, kites . . . One girl sold toy rats.
We repair up the hill where the greatest demand upon us
is the daily death of hibiscus blossoms they put
in the pool each morning to drift and waterlog,
and lack of stress is the only stress. Each day,
we inspect the sunset. Later, we'll have a nightcap
under the stars and over the constellations
of lights below, the town we look down on that clings
to the hem of the mountain's skirts across the bay,
and wonder perhaps what they can dream of down there.
It is up to us to see what those dead eyes
cannot imagine. They take for granted the hot
sand that has burnt their soles to the toughness of shoes.

2. *The Inn at Spanish Bay*

From across the dunes at sunset, a piper skirls:
the simple meeting and merging of fire and water
as the sun drips from the raspberry millefeuille
confection the sky has become into the silver
foil of the ocean's wrapper is not enough,
so management tries to retain the patrons' attention
by such bizarre grace notes. And the motif is
Scottish, after all. From the golf links: Troon;
St. Andrews; why not a piper? Nevertheless,
the kitchen is northern Italian, some higher-up
having drawn the line, thank God, at haggis. It works,
one must confess, and that nature, naked, requires
tinkering. No place, no event is ever
sufficient unto itself. At Pebble Beach,
tee shirts allude to Maui, as there, to here.
To sit still, to be wholly where we are
and be content even with luxury, sunsets'
spectacular shows of the sky and the sea, demands
too much, is too expensive, exclusive. Heaven!
It's almost all one could want. But it costs the earth.

A Gilded Cage

by Charlotte Low Allen

"All mental revolutions are attended by catastrophe."

—W. Winwood Reade

**Microcosm: The Quantum
Revolution in Economics
and Technology**

by George Gilder

New York: Simon and Schuster;

383 pp., \$19.95

George Gilder's strength as a writer is his ability to create vivid mythic archetypes saturated with his own romantic feelings. He is not comfortable with ideas unless they are strong, simple ideas that lend themselves to vivid evocation of feeling rather than complex rumination: the lure and mystery of women, the bonds of family, the love of God. His best books are the three he wrote during the 1970's: *Sexual Suicide* (reissued in 1986 as *Men and Marriage*), *Naked Nomads*, and *Visible Man*. All three books were essentially about the same subject: the laser-fast speed with which men disintegrate, bringing down the social order with them, when they do not marry or stay married. Gilder's specific target was the surge in the divorce rate that accompanied the simultaneous sexual and feminist revolutions. During the 1970's, the divorce-to-marriage ratio rose to one-to-two, where it remains to this day, bringing with it such phenomena as the feminization of poverty and the CEO's Second Wife, that glitzy creature who replaces in the life of a powerful man the woman who bore his children.

Visible Man focused on one particular aspect of this familial decay, the breakdown of the black family and the surge in antisocial behavior by black males that has accompanied it. All three books theorized that the best way to channel male aggression—ever ready to display itself in the form of

Charlotte Low Allen is an editor at Insight magazine.

crime, drug and alcohol abuse, suicide, and pointless tableaux of virility instead of regular work—is to give men a positive role, that of patriarch of a traditional family. If he can be The Boss, a man will gladly cherish his wife and support his children. As the only parent with the physical strength and presence to discipline growing boys, he



will ensure that they, too, grow up to be productive members of society and good fathers. Naturally, feminists loathed these ideas, partly because Gilder forecast that, when women achieve critical numbers in men's professions, or, worse, become men's bosses, the men, deprived of patriarchal rewards, will simply drop out. The profession will lose status—a prophecy that has already come true in such fields as teaching, social work, and in some branches of law and medicine.

In 1981, Gilder published *Wealth and Poverty*, an encomium to the free enterprise system. Like his earlier books, it bucked conventional liberal wisdom, this time the accumulated wisdom of the Carter years. Gilder touted Adam Smith, with his theory that wealth springs from creative enterprise; Say's Law, that supply creates demand; and Joseph Schumpeter's definition of capitalism as creative destruction.

Wealth and Poverty invested free enterprise with all the romantic feeling that Gilder had earlier conferred on the patriarchal family. It tended to idealize the money-making impulse, which Smith had more realistically viewed as a form of self-love that happened to yield social benefits. Gilder, as ever, preferred the simple archetype to Smith's more subtle, more interesting assessment of businessmen and what makes them tick. Entrepreneurs display "heroic creativity," Gilder wrote, characterizing their efforts as "forms of devotion." *Wealth and Poverty*, an encapsulation of the supply-side policies that fueled the first Reagan administration, was a huge best-seller.

Gilder's next book, *The Spirit of Enterprise*, published in 1984, was a rewrite of *Wealth and Poverty*, with more about Adam Smith and Joseph Schumpeter. By this time, Gilder's

editor, Midge Decter at Basic Books, who observers say took a strong hand in helping Gilder shape both *Visible Man* and *Wealth and Poverty* out of longer, more ecstatic manuscripts, had left. The Gilder flair for the extravagant overstatement, which had seemed a mere tic in *Wealth and Poverty*, burgeoned floridly. He equated capitalism with the teachings of Christ. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" and "Give and you shall be given unto" are the central rules of the life of enterprise," he wrote. The book largely consisted of flattering two-dimensional portraits of entrepreneurs he admired, interspersed with tendentious flailings at the tax system and the industrial-policy liberals who haunted the early 1980's. Gilder's literary style acquired a dense, amphetaminized quality, pushing avalanches of detail at readers in every paragraph.

The book jacket for *The Spirit of Enterprise* notified readers that Gilder had taken a job as semiconductors editor for *RElease 1.0* magazine, a computer journal, and that a Gilder history of the semiconductor industry would be forthcoming the next year. Indeed, a full third of *The Spirit of Enterprise*—the most feverish and least readable third—is devoted to computer entrepreneurs and microchips. *Microcosm* is Gilder's promised microchip history, although four years have elapsed since its promised due date. It is a kind of continuation of *The Spirit of Enterprise*, that is to say, it is in some ways yet another rewrite of *Wealth and Poverty*. Smith, Say's Law, and Schumpeter's creative destruction all duly make their appearances in *Microcosm*. So do all of Gilder's worst stylistic traits in this, the longest, most ambitious, and most maniacal of his books.

Parts of *Microcosm* are far from dull. Its best chapters are the first two, in which Gilder clearly and elegantly explains the basic principles of quantum physics that lie at the heart of the idea of miniaturizing electronic circuitry. The "quantum revolution" that is the subject of Gilder's book has made possible the personal computer via the microprocessor—essentially a computer on a single chip—the hand-held calculator, the digital watch, and the chips now embedded in telephone sys-

tems, automobiles, household appliances, office equipment, fax machines, and so forth. The developments in chip design that lie behind all this sophisticated new information technology emanated mostly from the fertile brain of Carver Mead, a computer science professor at the California Institute of Technology who did the basic physics research on electron tunneling, launched several generations of students, and was the guiding light behind several pioneering Silicon Valley companies.

Gilder believes that, as chip design becomes more sophisticated and it becomes possible to pack ever more circuits onto a single sliver of silicon, microprocessors will one day completely replace the powerful high-speed supercomputers produced by industry giants such as Cray Research and IBM. For Gilder, the costly Cray machines, which rely on fast-moving metal switches and wires rather than slow-moving silicon circuits—a macrocosmic rather than a microcosmic approach to computing, as he would say—are objects of contempt. He describes the innards of the Cray as "a madman's pasta of tangled wires."

That description, sad to say, also fits Gilder's prose as the book plunges "deeper into the microcosm," as he puts it. After those first elegant explanations of quantum theory and how it applies to microcircuitry, *Microcosm* quickly deteriorates into a feverish, confusing, technical-jargon-laden mess. In chapters packed as densely with information as a 64K memory chip, Gilder overloads readers with company names, details of chip design processes, and nano-tidbits of biographical data, all in no apparent chronological order. Nor is there any other order. Gilder never hesitates to refer to an arcane scientific process dozens or even hundreds of pages before describing it.

For example, *Microcosm* contains five references to the exploits of a mysterious company called Xicor (spelled "Xicon" in Gilder's index). Although we learn that Xicor (or Xicon) was founded by an Israeli émigré named Raphael Klein, Gilder never tells us when Klein got started, where the company is located, how many employees it has, or what it does.

To Gilder's computer-buff readers at *RElease 1.0*, the saga of Xicor with all its technical baggage may make perfect sense, but to this lay reader it seems disorganized, disorienting, and not very interesting. Xicor is but one of scores of microchip companies whose fortunes Gilder relays in the same tangled fashion. *Microcosm* is thus completely useless as business history. It is also useless as entrepreneur hagiography, the genre Gilder developed in *The Spirit of Enterprise*. Except for a few figures like Carver Mead, the characters in *Microcosm* are not even two-dimensional; they are mere names, like Raphael Klein.

Occasionally, Gilder strives for flamboyant Tom Wolfe-like descriptions, such as that of Jerry Sanders, head of Advanced Micro Designs, who shows up at a company sales conference at Waikiki Beach tricked out like King Kamehameha, flanked by his Barbie-doll girlfriend, and showering his audience with gold watches that the men dare not pick up. "What is this? Approaching the podium, white-haired and with a gilded crown. He is draped in frangipani leis, royal in a radiant velveteen robe, open to show a grizzled chest and a French bathing thong above tapering sun-rouged legs." But Gilder lacks Wolfe's imagination and, more important, Wolfe's interest in the people he writes about, except insofar as they serve to make a point. Sanders, like Klein, simply fades away, as does Advanced Micro Designs.

A reader who would like a coherent thumbnail history of the microchip industry along with its leading figures and companies and chief technological advances would do far better to read Gilder's five-page article about the industry in the October 23, 1989, issue of *Forbes* rather than this 383-page book. The article is written in plain English and includes photographs of many of the men whose names crop up in *Microcosm*. Gilder has an egalitarian's hatred of the beautiful, so he enjoys describing computer types as "unappealingly small, fat, or callow, all the nerds and wonks disdained at the senior prom or the Ivy League cotillion." It is a relief to see that his silicon pioneers are in fact pleasant-looking, highly intelligent-looking men.

It is clear that Gilder's chief interest is not really the computer industry at

all, but his own platform. As the book moves on to its final chapters, the silicon chip becomes a mere metaphor, a taking-off point for Gilder's discussion of what he calls "the law of microcosm," which, naturally, happens to be coterminous with his particular libertarian view of the free enterprise system. As Gilder argues with some cogency, increasingly sophisticated microchips will lead to increasingly sophisticated personal computers, inexorably consigning centralized data-processing systems, including the Crays, to technical obsolescence and oblivion. It is a neo-Jeffersonian vision of equality, in which every man will be not a self-sufficient yeoman farmer, but a self-sufficient entrepreneur. "Rather than pushing decisions upward through the hierarchy, the power of microelectronics pulls them remorselessly down to the individual," Gilder writes.

There is some question about whether everyone actually wants to be an entrepreneur. The American market for home computers has flattened over the past few years even as the machines themselves have become more elaborate and desirable, partly because most people can't figure out what to do with them besides play games. But this is only the beginning. Next will follow what Gilder calls the "global quantum economy" in which national boundaries, bugaboo of "the bureaucrats," will wither away like the state in Marx's *Communist Manifesto*. "Across increasingly meaningless lines on the map, entrepreneurs rush huge and turbulent streams of capital, manufacturing components, product sub-assemblies, in-process inventories, research and development projects, royalties, advertising treatments, software programs, pattern generator tapes, technology licenses, circuit board schematics, and managerial ideas," he writes breathlessly.

Again, Gilder's microchip entrepreneurs have not exactly been enthusiastic about the roles he has assigned them as quantum internationalists (nor would the politics of most of them go over well at the Cato Institute; most are typical academic-style liberal Democrats). Although microchip technology is primarily an American development, during the mid-1980's Japan became the world's leading mass producer of

microchips, capitalizing on its corporatist economic system and highly disciplined work force—all ideal for the building of the large factories necessary to turn out the small chips. Defying the "remorseless" law of the microcosm, virtually all of Silicon Valley lobbied for the 1986 semiconductor agreement in which Japan agreed to stop "dumping" chips in the States. The protectionist action may have been unwise, for Gilder makes a persuasive argument that the American semiconductor industry can hold its own in the design and manufacture of customized chips. He also cannot resist heaping scorn on the "silicon patriarchs," as he calls them, who, true to human nature instead of the law of the microcosm, used their political leverage to maintain their markets.

Both *Wealth and Poverty* and *The Spirit of Enterprise* had their enemies lists—Carter-era regulocrats in the former, industrial-policy boosters in the latter. The enemies in *Microcosm* seem to be an array of protectionists, free-trade opponents, and other meddling bureaucrats. In fact, the list is much longer than that. Not subtitled "The Quantum Revolution" for nothing, Gilder's book is a true revolutionary document, summoning both inexorable historical forces (the law of the microcosm) as Marx did, and brute human will (the "liberation" that will flow as people emancipate themselves from nation-states) as Lenin did. "The era of the microcosm is the epoch of free men and women scaling the hierarchies of faith and truth seeking the sources of light," he writes.

The enemy is thus all traditional loyalties that have bound men and women to their native lands, their ethnic roots, their religions. The enemy is the entire material, palpable world that displays itself to the senses in the macrocosm rather than to the mind of the microcosm—in short, the world in which we actually live and die. "Matter" may be illusory, with emptiness and moving electrons at its very heart, but it certainly feels real enough when we sit down to a meal, feel tired at the end of a day's work, shiver in the cold, embrace our children, or mourn the dead.

Gilder is contemptuous of the past. His view of millenia of human civiliza-

tion is straight out of Cecil B. De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*: "human masses pushing and pulling on massive objects at the behest of armed rulers." He is indifferent to the beauties of nature, dismissive of what he refers to as a "preindustrial vision of an ecological Eden." He is deaf to music and blind to art. In one passage he glowingly describes an electronic synthesizer that he says will send the piano "the way of the harpsichord" (Rosalind Tureck, call your office). In another passage, he compares the map of a microchip to Notre Dame Cathedral.

Anyone who disagrees with Gilder on any of these points is a victim of "materialist superstition," a "doomsayer," a "Cassandra" (a mythological reference he constantly misuses, forgetting that Cassandra's curse was to prophesy the truth). For in the end, Gilder writes, the law of the microcosm will give mankind limitless power and freedom, engineering the "overthrow of matter through the primal powers of mind and spirit." We will presumably someday live in an entirely microcosmic world—Honey, I shrunk us, so to speak—and perhaps, he hints, even attain immortality as "the mind transcends every entropic trap." This is Shirley MacLaine stuff, but Gilder seems serious.

Although the religious beliefs he expresses in *Microcosm* read like pure New Age gnosticism, positing matter as an illusion and mind as the only reality, Gilder has claimed to be an evangelical Christian and his publisher describes him as an associate of a church in Tyngham, Massachusetts. Part of *Microcosm* seems to be an effort to offer a definitive scientific proof of the existence of God, a variant of the classic argument from design. "In this unifying search is the secret of reconciliation of science and religion," he writes. Perhaps, but this claim to find God in a computer chip may be the ultimate materialism, insisting that He cannot exist unless He somehow manifests Himself in creation. Meanwhile, I think it's going to be a long while before we escape the curse and the blessing of the microcosm, where our bodies decay and die, but where we can learn humility. ◇

Walk in Beauty, Walk in Fear

by Gregory McNamee

"Step into the shoes of him who lures the enemy to death."

—from the Navajo Enemy Way

Talking God
by Tony Hillerman
New York: Harper & Row;
239 pp., \$17.95

On a windswept bluff high above the reddish-brown San Juan River, four states—Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado—converge. Visitors to the area come to play a game of twister at the Four Corners Monument, contorting themselves so that each of their limbs touches a different state. Then, remarking upon the windswept, sandy desolation of the place, they hurry off to the greener ground of the Rockies or the populous Grand Canyon. For most of them, there is not much to see, not much reason to linger on this arid plateau. But to the Navajo Indians who inhabit it, the Four Corners country, bounded by four sacred mountains of abalone, white shell, turquoise, and redstone, is a land of peerless beauty, exalted in song and story as "the center of the earth."

The *Diné Bike'yah*, the Navajo nation, is also a terrifying place, populated by millions of mischief-working ghosts, by witches and were-animals; for in death, the Navajo believe, one's soul flies from the body, leaving behind not only the mortal shell but also any good characteristics one may have had in life. Only the newborn and the very old are spared this fate; their souls merely vanish into the void. The rest, victims of alcohol poisoning, of Kit Carson's bullets, of ancient famines and plagues, of poverty and despair and sickness, wander the land, tormenting the living—who in turn practice a complex body of ritual to ward off malevolent spirits, and who until very recently were known to lynch suspected witches. From this en-

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chanted landscape, among the fearful living and the restless dead, novelist and former police-beat reporter Tony Hillerman has drawn the material for a nearly dozen popular mysteries published in the last twenty years—as well as the wherewithal of detective fiction.

Hillerman's fame came slowly. In the middle 1960's, he has said, he was inspired to write about the *Diné*—"the people," as the Navajo call themselves—after an incident in Chinle Wash, at the mouth of Canyon de Chelly. While sitting on its banks, he heard a whistling sound that made him think of Kokopelli, the humpbacked, flute-playing god of the prehistoric Anasazi who had occupied the country before the invading Navajo arrived from Canada in the 13th century. The whistling turned out to have been the tinkling of bells from a flock of sheep, the sound distorted by the weathered sandstone walls of the canyon. It was epiphany enough. "That day," Hillerman has written, "I decided I would try to communicate my feelings for the Navajo and their sacred land."

For the first few years, this gifted

convert preached to the choir. Hillerman's books enjoyed only cult status, devoured by an eager handful of river-runners and desert rats—and even a few Navajo—in the high country of New Mexico and northern Arizona. These readers spread the word to anyone who would listen; in the late 1970's, one could hear Hillerman touted in Flagstaff bars and Albuquerque sporting-good shops, but could rarely find his novels in bookstores. With such a small audience Hillerman's first mystery, *The Blessing Way* (1970), died a quick death; his second book, *The Fly on the Wall*, was remaindered almost immediately after its release. (Now that the genial Hillerman, in his early 60's and retired from teaching and journalism, has made it to the big time, his entire body of work is in print.) But in the last few years, each of his books—standard police procedurals tempered by ethnological observation—has been released to wider and wider reception, first throughout the West, and lately east of the Hundredth Meridian. His most recent novel, *Talking God*, has occupied a spot on the best-seller list of *The New York Times* since its publication in the spring of 1989, clinching its author's nationwide reputation. Robert Redford, having bought film rights to all the author's books, is now producing *The Dark Wind*, due for release in 1990. But despite his newfound fame, Hillerman still thinks of his fans as a cadre of "desert rats and anthropologists."

The Blessing Way is vintage, even archetypal Hillerman; in its pages emerge the fictional patterns and one of the two protagonists that Hillerman has employed ever since. It spins the tale of the seemingly supernatural murder of one Luis Horseman, a Many Ruins Canyon Navajo on the run from a "Navajo Wolf"—that is, a warlock able to metamorphose into any number of animals. Just which animal

varies from one part of the Navajo nation to another, an important fact that leads Joe Leaphorn, Hillerman's Navajo detective hero, to conclude that the suspected wolf is in truth a well-read "Los Angeles Navajo," raised off the reservation and unaware of narrow local custom.

Hillerman abandoned Navajo country for his next book, *The Fly on the Wall*, a political thriller. However, in *Dance Hall of the Dead*, Hillerman returns his readers to the little-known world of the Zuni people of eastern New Mexico, who each year honor the Shalako, a bird spirit who brings messages from their gods. A neighboring Navajo boy, trained to play the ceremonial part of the Shalako, has disappeared at Zuni Pueblo, and it is Leaphorn's task to find him among the thousands of visitors who have streamed in to watch the week-long rituals—among them, again, a Navajo Wolf and an army of stoned hippies. Hillerman's tale touches on many interesting elements, among them being the ancient hatred of Navajo for Zuni. (Many traditionalists still believe that a Zuni has to scalp a Navajo before being admitted into the closed religious fraternities of the Shalako and its allied

kachinas.) And it introduces a theme he will develop in later novels: the clash between living Native Americans and Anglo archaeologists, who, it is widely held in Indian country, are nothing more than glorified grave robbers.

In the middle 1970's, Hillerman introduced a second Navajo policeman hero, Sergeant Jim Chee, who figured in his next three novels: *The Ghost Way*, *The Dark Wind*, and *People of Darkness*. Like Leaphorn, Chee is intensely curious about white people—*belagáana*, from the Navajo approximation for "American"—and their odd customs; at the University of New Mexico, he had "studied anthropology, sociology, and American literature in class. Every waking moment he studied the way white men behaved. All four subjects fascinated him." But Chee, from a rural background, is more traditional than Leaphorn, also trained in anthropology and literature at Arizona State University; along with his academic courses, Chee has for years studied to become a *hatathali*, a singer of the Blessing Way and other purifying rites. Leaphorn is an assimilationist, seemingly content to live in two worlds, white and red; Chee's aim

is to bring what he can learn from the alien world into his quest for the Navajo ideal—*hozro*, or internal and external harmony with one's surroundings. When Leaphorn witnesses a death, he may unplug the telephone and take a drink or two; when Chee sees the horrors of his time—for instance, Navajo drunks "sprawled in Gallup alleys, frozen in the sagebrush beside the road to Shiprock, mangled like jackrabbits on the asphalt of US Highway 666"—he goes to a medicine man for catharsis, for, as Changing Woman taught the Diné, "returning to beauty require[s] a cure."

Despite their fictive differences, however, Leaphorn and Chee behave almost identically in the tales of their respective series; one senses that Hillerman introduced the second character only to avoid wearing out Leaphorn's welcome. Nowhere is this more clear than in *Skinwalkers* (1987), Hillerman's first novel after a long silence in the early and middle 1980's, in which Leaphorn and Chee are brought together for the first time.

Again, the subject is witchcraft. Chee, who has been undergoing initiation rites to become a shaman of his clan, is ambushed while asleep in his *hogan*—the traditional octagonal hut of the Navajo, its door always facing east to the sunrise—by a shotgun-wielding, unseen assailant. Investigating the wreckage after the assault, Chee stumbles upon a small bead of worked bone, the unmistakable weapon of one bewitched, a "skinwalker," who uses it to inject his or her "corpse sickness" into someone else and thereby be freed of the curse. Chee turns to Leaphorn for help in solving the case, and Leaphorn is only too happy to oblige, for he harbors a deep hatred of witchcraft, which he considers to be a foreign aberration introduced to the Navajo by Indians from the Great Plains. Leaphorn, a technician who obsessively keeps track of crimes on the Navajo reservation with colored map pins—red for alcohol-related arrests, black for complaints of sorcery, and the like—soon determines that the attack on Chee is part of a larger, geometric pattern of seemingly supernatural murders.

Skinwalkers showcases Hillerman's many virtues as a writer of detective fiction, chief among them being his

BRIEF MENTIONS

YES, LET'S: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS by Tom Disch
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 112 pp., \$8.95 (paper)

Not yet 50 years old, Tom Disch has already had a remarkably varied career as a successful author of science fiction, theater critic of *The Nation*, and as a poet who has managed to create interesting work in an age of dullness. His newest volume, *Yes, Let's*, is distinguished neither by its bulk nor by its range, but within his own special groove, Disch moves with the agility and force of a kick-boxer.

Disch's groove lies somewhere between irony and whimsy, near the point where both converge on the metaphysical. Some of his poems begin in a deceptively light vein, only to deliver a surprise punch. More than once his sci-fi interest breaks through, never more memorable than in "A Vacation on Earth": "It is hard to believe / we have our source in this nightmare / tangle of vegetable matter and stone, / that this hell is where / it all began."

Disch is quirky, unpredictable, and irreverent with a satire that is savage in its restraint. He is equally "unkind" to society's losers and to the winners who alternately despise and patronize them. He says of a derelict, "Not even the angels who gather / Over the doorway of Citibank / To bathe in their tears—not even they / Can make you behave," and portrays a blindman's fantasy revenge on the sighted: "I would kick / you when you weren't looking / more than once I would be *hideous* / if you could see me / you would be so terrified / that you would be glad you were blind."

There is a tradition of this sort of writing in America among poets of an anarchist bent. One thinks of e.e. cummings and even more of Kenneth Patchen, but unlike Patchen (and like cummings) Disch is technically competent as a versifier. His sense of phrasing in his relatively free verse is flawless, and his experiments in rhyme and rhythm put him in the first class of the so-called "new formalists." (TF)

refusal to slip into the hard-boiled clichés of the genre, the tough-guyisms that make so many procedurals unreadable. Instead, Hillerman writes with a kind of poetic movement that mirrors the graceful Diné language itself:

He [Jim Chee] spoke in Navajo, using the long, ugly, guttural sound which signifies that moment when the wind of life no longer moves inside a human personality, and all the disharmonies that have bedeviled it escape from the nostrils to haunt the night.

Hillerman's other strengths—his willingness to treat the Navajo as people, complete with shortcomings, doubts, irrationalities, and private demons; his admission that the Navajo government is as bureaucratized and corrupt as that of any large municipality, as witnessed by the recent power struggle between Tribal Chairman Peterson Zah and ousted former leader Peter MacDonald—loom large in the novel, which, like each of its predecessors in both the Leaphorn and the Chee series, is technically very well crafted and written.

But longtime Hillerman fans had some cause for disappointment with *Skinwalkers*. Unaccountably, Hillerman shook off the opportunity to explore the conflict that one would expect to develop between the traditionalist Chee and the assimilationist Leaphorn; absent that tension of motives, one wonders why he bothered to put them in the same story at all. And this time, the chain of malevolent occurrences that sets the story rolling in all Hillerman's books seems rather mechanical, with many of its elements seen coming from a long way off.

The pattern holds with Hillerman's next two novels, *A Thief of Time* and his most recent offering, *Talking God*. In both, Chee and Leaphorn again appear together; in both, neither is much differentiated from the other; and in both, the villains recapitulate Hillerman's two decades of rhetorical tricks: the bad guys are archaeologists and other grave robbers, uncaring Anglo functionaries, Mormons, and well-meaning liberals, all of whom knowingly or not commit some violation or another of Navajo norms. A

Thief of Time, named for the Diné phrase for "pothunter," centers on the ongoing looting of archaeological sites in Navajo country—it is estimated that the reservation contains more than two hundred thousand prehistoric sites, some many thousands of years old—and the international trade in stolen artifacts. For its part, *Talking God*, whose title refers to the Navajo *yeibichai*, the grandfather and leading deity of all the gods and spirits, offers a slightly different take on the same large theme.

In this novel, Henry Highhawk, a half-Navajo curator, sends a Smithsonian lawyer her grandparents' remains, dug up from a respectable New England churchyard, and suggests that they take the place of Indian bones in the museum's display cases. Highhawk flees to the Navajo reservation to attend a ceremonial dance and wait out his employer's anger. He winds up dead, of course. So, in an interesting twist, does an exiled Chilean dissident, the victim of a psychotic hit man whose characterization marks some of Hillerman's best writing to date. Chee and Leaphorn leave the reservation on separate trails and travel to Washington to investigate the strange goings-on. (One reason for the book's popularity may be its Eastern setting, recognizable to provincials along the mid-Atlantic seaboard.) The traditionalist Chee is clearly out of his element, and even out of step with his own people; at one point, he assures the Smithsonian attorney that owing to their fear of the dead, a fear far greater than that of death itself, the Navajo would have no interest whatever in having their ancestors' bones shipped back to them. Leaphorn quickly corrects him, remarking that the Navajo government had indeed demanded the return of all ancestral remains: "I think," Leaphorn explains, "someone in the tribal bureaucracy decided it was a chance to make a political point." Someone on the dictator Pinochet's payroll has come to the same decision, it develops, and there lies the crux of Hillerman's most politically charged and cosmopolitan story to date.

Given that Hillerman makes use of the same themes—witchcraft, deception, and Anglo villainy—time and again, and has based three of his ten novels on the subject of artifact looting

alone, one might expect him quickly to run out of material. But he is working away with the expectation of issuing another Leaphorn-Chee mystery late in 1990. One might hope to see in it an Indian villain acting from his own motives, without an evil Anglo puppet master behind him; one might want to read in it a stronger moral tale of the destructive forces of alcoholism, poverty, and cultural displacement in Navajoland; one might wish to learn more in it of tribal political corruption outside the framing device of supernatural murder. For all those grumblings, about the strongest criticism one can level against Hillerman's previous books is his depiction of the Navajo reservation as a deserted wilderness. The place is crawling with people, Diné and Anglo alike, and laced with busy towns and roads, thanks in large part to a continuing Navajo baby boom.

Whatever the case, Tony Hillerman's newfound success is well deserved; his readers get a whirlwind tour of a magical land, a dose of arcana and sorcery, a respectful introduction to the life of another nation within our own, a good jolt every now and again—in short, something of an education. And, as the *Blessing Way* has it, a walk through beauty all around. ◇

Books by Tony Hillerman

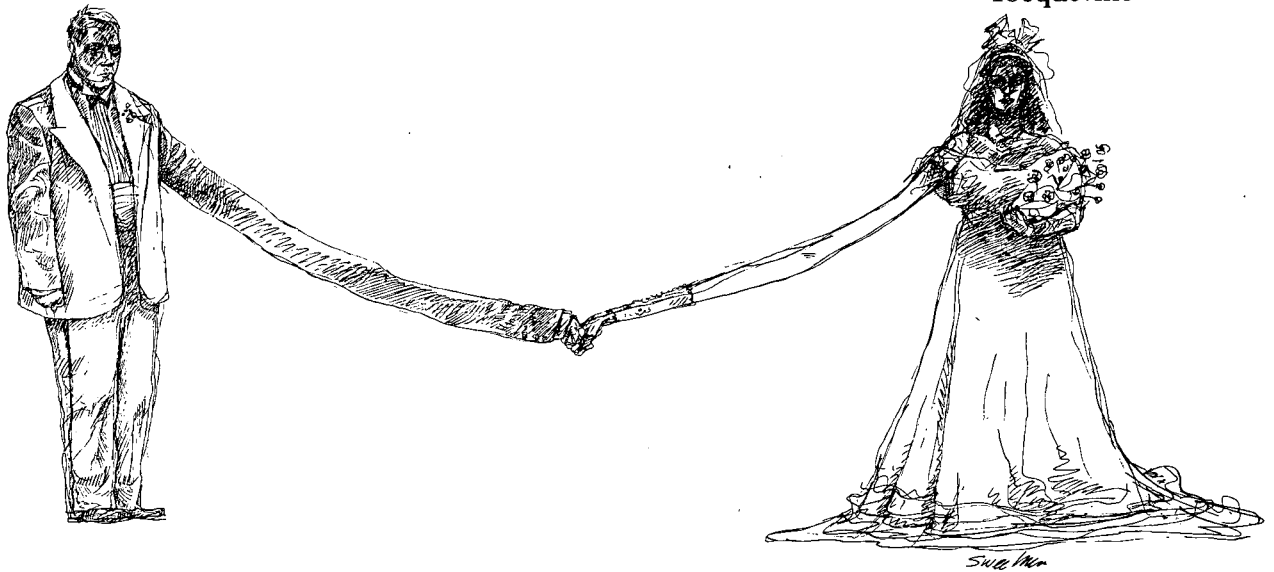
The Blessing Way (Harper & Row, 1970)
The Fly on the Wall (Avon, 1971)
Dance Hall of the Dead (Harper & Row, 1973)
The Dark Wind (Avon, 1978)
Listening Woman (Harper & Row, 1978)
The Great Taos Bank Robbery (University of New Mexico Press, 1980)
People of Darkness (Harper & Row, 1980)
The Spell of New Mexico, ed. (University of New Mexico Press, 1984)
The Ghostway (Harper & Row, 1985)
The Boy Who Made Dragonfly (University of New Mexico Press, 1986)
Skinwalkers (Harper & Row, 1987)
A Thief of Time (Harper & Row, 1988)
The Joe Leaphorn Mysteries (Harper & Row, 1989)
Talking God (Harper & Row, 1989)

The Family Way

by John Wauck

"When family pride ceases to act, individual selfishness comes into play."

—Tocqueville



The Transformation of Family Law, State Law, and Family in the United States and Western Europe
by Mary Ann Glendon
Chicago: University of Chicago Press;
320 pp., \$37.50

◆
“Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.” I’ve always thought that Tolstoy underestimated the variety of happy families, but his dictum definitely holds true from at least one point of view, that of family law. While happy families present smooth, blank faces to the civil law (all decisions might as well reflect harmonious bliss as far as the law is concerned), an unhappy family easily becomes a strikingly particularized thicket of rights, grievances, stipulations, restrictions, economic calculations, and retribution. Suddenly things get very colorful indeed.

In *The Transformation of Family Law* Mary Ann Glendon, a professor at Harvard Law School, seeks to discern, with special attention to recent plot developments in the convoluted narrative, the sort of “stories” told about families and human relationships

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by our laws. Since being hired by Harvard and winning the 1988 Series Book Award for *Abortion and Divorce in Western Law*, Glendon seems to have become something of a hot commodity on the family law publishing circuit. The general thesis of this new book, a revision of an earlier book entitled *Law and Family*, published in 1977, is that marriage is losing its privileged status in Western society. As the current joke goes, “The only people who still want to get married are Catholic priests and homosexuals.”

Legally, marriage is becoming less distinguishable from cohabitation and the single life. Paradoxically, this leveling-down has coincided with great rhetorical flourishes about the supreme value of marriage. For example, in 1967, in the case of *Loving v. Virginia*, the Supreme Court discovered a hitherto unknown constitutional “right to marry.” But this is not necessarily an elevation of marriage as such, for as Glendon approvingly quotes Laurence Tribe, “Such ‘exercises of familial rights and responsibilities’ as remain [in our civil law] prove to be individual powers to resist governmental determination of who shall be born, with whom one shall live and what values shall be transmitted.” It isn’t really marriage that’s being protected.

Among the choicer ironies here is the case of artificial contraception, which the Supreme Court legalized for married couples of the basis of the privacy demanded by the “sacred precincts of the marriage bed.” Subsequently, it turned out that the marriage bed’s sacredness was quite irrelevant to this right of privacy, for in *Eisenstadt v. Baird*, the Court decided that contraception was legal for anyone who cared to have sex. And in doing so, the Court specifically stated that a “marital couple is not an independent entity . . . but an association of two individuals” no different, as far as the Court was then concerned, from a couple of fornicating kids. A further irony is that the relaxation of laws restricting marriage and divorce in the 60’s was designed to make marriage more attractive and less of a burden, lest couples be tempted to cohabit in informal unions. Needless to say, things didn’t work out that way; both cohabitation and divorce skyrocketed.

Indeed, in the last twenty years, throughout the West, the birthrate and marriage rate have tumbled, while the rates of divorce and illegitimate birth have soared. Although history has seen many fluctuations in these rates, these simultaneous changes have been, as Glendon notes, unusually substantial,

sudden, and widespread. By way of explanation, the French social philosopher Louis Rousset points to "the banalization of behavior previously considered illegitimate." France, for instance, has decriminalized incest except in the case of minors who are abused by someone with authority over them. On the other hand, Germany and France are, in some ways, more traditional than the United States. France still has no provision for minors to get permission to marry from a judge when their parents forbid it. Marital fault still plays a role in divorce proceedings. The French and Germans tend to hold on to a notion of marriage as a community, a fact reflected in their laws regarding the division of property after divorce. Nevertheless, it is clear that what the French legal sociologist Carbonnier calls the "zone of horror" (from which absolute prohibitions and taboos against crimes like incest emerge) can become a rather comfortable dwelling, as in the case of sodomy in this country.

One of the striking differences between American law and the continental legal codes of, say, Germany or France, is the continental tendency to prescribe ideals of family life, to be openly ideological. The French Civil Code of 1804 provided, at Napoleon's personal insistence, that "the husband owes protection to the wife, the wife obedience to her husband." (In defense of this proposition, the emperor is supposed to have exclaimed: "Women ought to obey us. Nature has made women our slaves. A husband ought to be able to say to his wife: 'Madam, you will not go to the theater; Madam, you will not see such or such a person. Madam, you belong to me body and soul.'") The French Civil Code still reminds citizens that a "child of any age owes honor and respect to its father and mother." Similarly, the Swedes have decreed that parents may not subject children to "humiliating treatment." Glendon makes the important observation that most of these prescriptions are without legal sanctions. They reflect an understanding that the law is meant to instruct and educate.

Besides the "inexorable advance of ideas of equality and individual liberty" and the spread of "individualistic, egalitarian, and secularizing" trends, Glendon detects other nonideological

causes for the blurring of distinctions between marriage and cohabitation. One is that, as the law struggles to deal with the claims of unmarried cohabitants, and to address the real injustices that are perpetrated within such relationships, it is easier to handle such matters with rules that are already in place, to wit, marriage laws, with the unfortunate but predictable result that cohabitation and marriage are treated as more or less the same thing. Similarly, the rise of no-fault divorce was in large part due to the practical nuisance of going through the legal motions of "investigating" grievances as the volume of divorce cases became unmanageable. The law is not able to make up for the absence of morality—at least not for long.

Glendon makes it clear that a radical individualism has been the chief culprit in the decline of marriage as an institution. Marriage is no longer a social fact; it is a private, personal matter. Likewise, sex is not a matter of interest to the community. This is the lesson of *Griswold*: "if the right to privacy means anything, it is the right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child." But, of course, the decision to raise a child affects the whole society. Society has a legitimate interest in the circumstances under which its members beget children—especially when society accepts a certain responsibility for those children.

It is no surprise that Glendon's chief gripe about the American system of family law is its treatment of divorced women and their children, for it is here that the principles of radical individualism and egalitarianism become obviously inadequate. We allow easy divorce and aspire to post-divorce self-sufficiency in the name of individualism, but we—unlike our Nordic friends—do not have the massive welfare state to provide for the inevitable losers in what is, after all, a very brutal game. Consequently, the focus of most activity in American family law is on providing for children stranded by divorce, who cannot be supported by mothers who are without the financial, professional, or psychological resources

to start new careers. Children are now the crucial factor in family law, because family law is, more often than not, divorce law. As mentioned above, it is the unhappy family that attracts the attention of the law. It has even been suggested that "the legally relevant distinction in the future will be between childless unions and those where children are being or have been raised."

A paradox that Glendon observes in modern society is the rise of individualism in families and the concomitant decline of individualism in economic matters. The paradox is at least partially illusory, since the anonymity of a socialistic economy is its own sort of individualism—indeed the worst sort. Blind to the legitimate social consequences of "private" relationships, or at least unable to express them in our law, we have derived utilitarian mechanisms to provide for each other, as it were, by committee. Thus philanthropy, kindness to strangers, takes the place of the charity (love of relatives and neighbors) we no longer understand. But any true society is derived from the family and other "intermediary groups." Glendon agrees with Edmund Burke: "to be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love for our country and to mankind." Charity begins at home.

Of course, we are not simply blind to the public significance of intimate relationships. There are those who positively deny their validity. One Swedish Minister of Justice, Herman Kling, spoke of the need for the government to "create a society where every adult person assumes responsibility for himself and does not allow himself to be economically dependent on relatives," implying, it seems, that it is better or more noble to rely on strangers (*via* the welfare state) than on relatives. The law in our own country is not simply blind to the importance of personal relationships; it works against them. Glendon writes: "the law holds self-sufficiency up as an ideal, suggesting that dependency is somehow degrading, and implicitly denying the importance of human intersubjectivity."

To a large extent, modern marriage law has reflected the decline of religion's role in the formation and dissolution of marriages. In pre-Reformation Europe the state had little to say about most marriages and families. Such matters were handled either by the Church or by customs, which though informal were often quite strict. The *charivari* in France and the "rough music" in England, forms of public humiliation for those who failed to live by community standards in the conduct of married life, could be both intrusive and harsh. As religion's control of society diminished, an alternate source of social control became necessary. As Glendon puts it: "marriage law, cut loose from its religious moorings in the established medieval order, increasingly began to be affected by the trends of the times, by humanism and individualism, as well as by the practical concerns and interests of the secular state and the influential groups within it."

One of the greatest ironies of our day is that, with the death of secular marriage, the institution may once again become primarily religious. As marriage loses its social significance and becomes indistinguishable from cohabitation and the single life, only religious people, for whom marriage has a transcendental meaning, will bother to get married. This possibility has already had some interesting effects. In an apparent change-of-heart, one of France's foremost legal reformers, the scholar Jean Carbonnier, has recently demanded that a sharp distinction be maintained between legal marriage and cohabitation. Glendon, however, suggests a peculiar explanation for this "switch." In France, marriage is a civil, secular ceremony. Church weddings have no legal significance; to cohabit and raise children after a merely religious ceremony is to live in civil sin. But if the state were to

recognize the legal validity of religious unions, then modern French marriage law, which is premised on the exclusion of the church, would be back to square one. It would present the bizarre spectacle of religion snaking back into civil law through the back door of fornication.

For the most part, Glendon's argument is dry, judicious and academic, abounding in the somewhat stilted language of sociology and law; thus, after a divorce, the reader encounters that unisex duo, the "custodial parent" and the "former provider" once known as Mom and Dad. Although the subject matter lends itself to sensationalism, Glendon provides few and rather desiccated anecdotes to illustrate her points, and, because she handles her four (and sometimes, with Sweden, five) countries serially, it takes elephantine feats of memory to grasp relatively simple points of comparison.

Here and there Glendon betrays a perspective refreshingly at odds with the one suggested by her tone of judicious neutrality: "the ideology of tolerance, the belief system of an influential elite, has become the leitmotif of American family law"; or, commenting on the way the law has been influenced by fashionable moral ideas, "Such ideas include the problematic notions that courts and legislatures should not attempt to impose values (except for equality, individual liberty, and tolerance); and that values (except for equality, individual liberty, and tolerance) are a matter of subjective taste or preference"—radical notions that call into question almost all of modern marriage law in the West.

It is not, however, until the last chapter that it becomes clear that Glendon has indeed been holding back. Suddenly, she drops the professorial tone and begins to speak in what I assume is her own very *engagé* voice, revealing passion, humor, and a more lively philosophical mind than the previous three hundred pages suggested. The burden of the argument in this section is in favor of "intermediary groups" (the family is the principle, though by no means the only, example to mediate between the individual and the government). Getting married may add little to the intimacy of modern couples, but "in crossing the threshold,

however, they may encounter an unexpected intimacy with the state." These intimacies often take the shape of "pragmatic" responses to social problems. Supposedly utilitarian and ideologically neutral, they convey crucial messages about family life. For instance, several states (Georgia, Hawaii, Maryland, Kentucky, South Carolina, New Hampshire) already require birth control and genetic disease information (with an implicit suggestion of eugenic abortion) to be provided to all applicants for a marriage license.

Glendon obliquely (via remarks by Claude Lévi-Strauss) entertains the notion that these "intermediary groups," which may well produce the best democrats, need not be democratic themselves; that the family home, for instance, is not and ought not to be a democratic institution. She worries that the day is approaching when the citizen will stand in direct relation to the state, without intermediaries, and a slogan of the French revolution will have become a reality: "no rights except those of individuals and the state." We are replacing traditional intermediaries like neighbors, parishes, local schools, and professional guilds with "distant bureaucratic entities," like gigantic school systems, social welfare agencies, pension plans, workman's compensation, etc. The anonymous state is becoming the family.

Praising Christopher Lasch's critique of individualism, Glendon feels that a healthy social "ecology" must nurture intermediary groups. In the interests of privacy it would behoove the state to foster strong families, for they require less care from the state. The intrusion of the state into the family has often been a result rather than the cause of the breakdown of the family; the collapse of a family in modern society is always an invitation for the state to step in.

Glendon closes with a boldly mystical evocation of the "love that invites a response from all men and women of good will" as the chief source of hope for society's future. One naturally suspects that this last section was the most recently written, the product of a more assured mind than the one responsible for the cautious recital of data in the preceding chapters. If only the rest of the book were written like the last chapter. 

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Hope Amid the Ruins

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Sketches From a Life

by George F. Kennan

New York: Pantheon Books;

365 pp., \$22.95



It may possibly be a virtue to maintain a diary, and probably it is no sin to publish one. In the first case, the virtue is enhanced, in the second the potential for sin mitigated, by the diarist having been a regular and faithful one; and in this respect anyway George Frost Kennan is as little comparable to Sir Harold Nicolson as Sir Harold was to Mr. Kennan as a diplomat. On that ground, at least one reviewer has seen fit to dismiss *Sketches From a Life* (which is mostly diary, with a few other documents, or parts thereof, tossed in) as an insubstantial and inconsequential book—a judgment from which, I believe, it will ultimately be rescued owing to the substantiality of the author's understanding of history and of the human condition underlying it. *Sketches From a Life* is redeemed further by patches of fine prose that could only have been written by an American and that in fact recall, some of them, the writing of two now-classic American authors who were, more or less, contemporaries of Kennan's.

"The sky was an incredible blue and was lined in the distance with the rich white clouds of the Russian plain," Kennan recorded in 1944. "Here and there, a poplar stood up among the fields, leaves trembling in the breeze; and off on the horizon there was always the cold, dark line of the evergreen trees." That passage, with its strong and unmistakable echoes of Hemingway, is followed on the next page by an equally powerful one, equally reminiscent of Edmund Wilson: "I went back to the station, to get information about trains and to find something to drink. A train going back to town was apparently almost due. There was a little hut where they were selling mineral water

and kvass; but you had to have your own receptacle to take it away, so I gave up." Still another passage, however, is uniquely George F. Kennan, in its description of the city of St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, and the hold it has always had upon his imagination:

This walk brought up countless associations of the past: of the picture of Pushkin and companion leaning on the embankment over the river; of Kropotkin exercising with his stool in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; of Alexander I looking out of the Winter Palace during the flood of 1823; of Prince Yusupov throwing the body of Rasputin into the Moika; of the crowd moving across the square towards the Winter Palace on the night the place was stormed; of the generations of music teachers and pupils going in and out of the conservatory; of the Italian opera of one hundred years ago; of the unhealthy days of Leningrad's spring thaws, with little groups of black-clad people plodding through the slush behind the hearses to the muddy, dripping cemeteries; of the cellar apartments of the gaunt, dark inner streets, full of dampness, cabbage smell, and rats, and of the pale people who manage to live through the winters in those apartments; of the prostitutes of the Nevski Prospekt of the tsarist time; the people cutting up fallen horses in dark, snow-blown streets during the time of the siege. This to me is one of the most poignant communities of the world: a great, sad, city, where the spark of human genius has always had to penetrate the darkness, the dampness, and the cold in order to make its light felt, and has acquired, for that very reason, a strange warmth, a strange intensity, a strange beauty.

"This city," he concludes, more than a hundred pages (and almost thirty years) later, "—this region—has always had for me an inexhaustible historical eloquence—beautiful, terrible, and tragic."

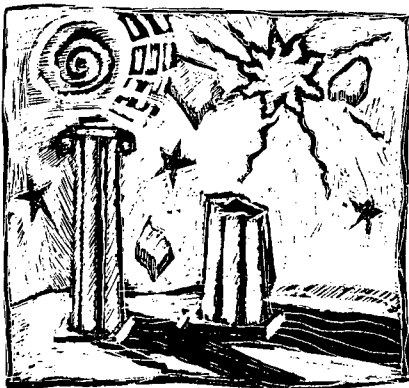
That passage is worth quoting at length because it shows how completely integrated George Kennan's poetic and historical sensibilities are. For nearly four decades Kennan's eloquently expressed pessimism has been anathema to certain of his compatriots; and now, in his 86th year and what has real biological likelihood of being his last book, he reiterates that pessimism: "I view the United States of these last years of the twentieth century as essentially a tragic country . . ." Yet, in the house of tragedy there is room for other than Americans: ". . . in the case of the Europeans (with whom at this point I must associate myself) the tragedy is greater; for their own past, however undervalued and abused, still makes itself evident here and there, mutely asserting its own values and vainly protesting, as in this old building [a mansion owned by friends in Crottorf, Germany], the continued relevance of these values to the contemporary human predicament."

George Kennan's sense of estrangement, which occurred to him as early as the venerable age of 25 (after viewing the ruined cathedral at Dorpat in 1929, he describes it as "a towering reproach to the weakness of our own generation"), has been one of time rather than space: he feels himself to be indeed an expatriate, but "an expatriate from the Wisconsin of the first years of this century, not from the Wisconsin of this day." It is a feeling that the events of contemporary history have immeasurably deepened, so that after his return to Moscow in 1987 he is impelled to note that, "I was constantly obliged to remind myself that I was separated from many of the objects I remembered—the places and the persons—by a vast intervening catastrophe, the Second World War . . ." While all of modern history is for Kennan a series of closely-descending watersheds, World War II continues to mark for him—probably

for reasons as much personal as historical—the Great Divide between the old world and the new. So great was that cataclysm that, in the aftermath, he can feel neither anger nor resentment, but something else: among the ruins of Berlin in 1949, he reflects how “every one of those dim architectural forms spelled a broken dream, spelled one more bit of frustration for people who had once felt the call of hope and initiative. However you looked at it, it seemed a pity.” Moralist that he is, Kennan is aware of some force deeper than personal responsibility at work in human history—a history in which nature is inevitably caught up, and which it is fated to share. “[T]hen the tall bare poplars, the same patient poplars which had waited and watched through the final years of the Weimar Republic and the Nazi era and the war and the bombings and the arrival of the Russian Army, stood alone again through another night, until the battered cars of the first early subway train came clattering past through the open cut a few yards away and the sky lightened to the dawn of a gray, soggy March Sunday over airlift Berlin.”

In a 1928 entry, after attending a charity ball in Berlin, Kennan describes the plight of the White Russian émigrés in terms that are to develop in time self-descriptive overtones. “Alive they are, these [noble] celebrities, but their world is dead.” For the past half-century, George Kennan’s world too has been dead, and the one that has succeeded it is not pleasing to this unapologetically unregenerate old-fashioned gentleman. On a trip to Chi-

cago in 1951 to deliver a series of lectures at the university there, Kennan receives his first intimation of late-20th-century America: having observed the slovenliness of the Chicagoans, among



them a thirteen-year-old pickup who chews gum while spewing profanity at her admirers, he retreats to his hotel room to read an article on communism at Harvard and to reflect, “You have despaired of yourself; Now despair of your country!” Later that year he travels to Pasadena, where he writes:

Here it is easy to see that when man is given (as he *can* be given only for relatively brief periods and in exceptional circumstances) freedom both from political restraint and from want, the effect is to render him childlike in many respects. . . . In this sense Southern California, together with all that tendency of American life which it typifies, is childhood without the promise of maturity—with the

promise only of a continual widening and growing impressiveness of the childhood world. And when the day of reckoning and hardship comes, as I think it must, it will be—as everywhere among children—the cruelest and most ruthless natures who will seek to protect their interests by enslaving the others; and the others, being only children, will be easily enslaved. In this way, values will suddenly prove to have been lost that were forged slowly and laboriously in the more rugged experiences of Western political development elsewhere.

Wherever George Kennan has traveled in the world since the close of the Second World War, he had been appalled by the consolidation everywhere of mass culture and mass society, environmental degradation, and what he describes as “the intellectual and spiritual vacuum which the European welfare state produces.” Yet even the gloom that the contemporary world causes him to feel is lightened by his fundamentally poetic conception of history, in which civilizations rise and fall according to a cyclical pattern that, in the end, mercifully makes a clean sweep of the decadence into which those civilizations have fallen. In one of the book’s most powerful passages, Kennan states implicitly his central theme, which is that World War II was not just the turning point of the modern world, but the symbol of human history itself: a symbol that, by connecting past with present and present with future, succeeds in transmuting a record of unmitigable disasters into an epic poem of great beauty. After making, in 1960, a nighttime visit with a friend to the Zueghaus ruins in East Berlin, he records, upon his return to his West German hotel: “And what ruins! In their original state, they had seemed slightly imitative and pretentious. Now they suddenly had a grandeur I had not seen even in Rome. . . . Neither of us could forget the great awesome ruins, standing so majestically and patiently and sorrowfully, under the night sky, four miles away.”

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is the senior editor for books at Chronicles.

BRIEF MENTIONS

A GRAVESTONE MADE OF WHEAT by Will Weaver
New York: Simon and Schuster; 205 pp., \$16.95

This collection of short stories is just exactly that: stories, and not exercises in the long confessional plotless whine or in cataloging minutiae, which is what so much fiction has become. Weaver’s Midwestern stories have people in them, not puppets; people who are often wrestling with a moral dilemma: Olaf Torvik, who in the title story wants to grant his late wife’s wish and bury her on the farm; ten-year-old Timmy, who must choose between his mother’s born-again piety and his father’s anger; and old Feller, who cannot explain to the animal rights activist that the mink he traps stand between him and welfare. Living in Bemidji, Minnesota, Weaver has taken sides with the rural people of his fiction against the city folks and the townspeople with their regulations. However flawed his local people are, real trouble always comes from without, and it adds to the poignancy of this well-written collection that while his country people sometimes triumph, they sometimes, as in real life, succumb. (KD)

Neo-Alembics

by Lee Congdon

The Other God That Smiled: Hans Freyer and the Deradicalization of German Conservatism

by Jerry Z. Muller

Princeton: Princeton University Press;
\$49.95 (cloth), \$14.95 (paper)

In a spate of recent books, neoconservatives have rehearsed the drama of their radicalization and subsequent deradicalization. Typically the curtain rises on their active participation in, or engaged sympathy for, leftist movements of the 1960's, and falls after they have regained their equilibrium and embraced liberal democracy. One thinks, for example, of former *Ramparts* editors Peter Collier and David Horowitz, with whom the author of this exhaustively researched volume clearly identifies. Indeed, so fixated is he on the American neoconservative experience that he has read it back into the history of 20th-century German conservatism. The totalitarian temptation, he insists, has been a phenomenon of the political right as well as of the left. Communism, the paradigmatic left-wing tyranny, was not the only "god that failed," as Arthur Koestler and others famously titled it. "Fascism," and especially National Socialism, was the "other god that failed."

The pattern of disillusionment that Muller claims to discern in Germany is an all too familiar one. German "radical conservatives," most of whom cut their political teeth in the *Jugendbewegung* (youth movement), subjected liberal democracy to corrosive criticism. So alienated were they from Weimar society that, wittingly or unwittingly, they gave aid and comfort to National Socialism. In due course, however, they saw the error of their ways and began to distance themselves from the *Führer* and his party. Though never able to muster any genuine enthusiasm for liberal democracy, they came by war's end to accept it as the best of the viable alternatives. They transformed themselves, in short, from "radical" into "liberal" or "neo" conservatives. To their amazement, they soon found themselves in the same camp with liberals such as Ralf

Dahrendorf and Kurt Sontheimer, who, traumatized by the German New Left, made *themselves* over into conservative liberals. All honorable roads, Muller suggests, lead to neoconservatism.

It all seems plausible enough because there is some truth in it. Some German conservatives did view Hitler as a vulgar but useful ally, and only later recognized the enormity of their misjudgment. But the parallel with communism and 1960's radicalism is not as exact as Muller wants us to believe. There is, to begin with, the matter of Hans Freyer, the sociologist whose career Muller chooses to examine because he was "representative" of radical conservatives in the same way that Georg Lukács typified radical leftists. Yet Lukács was a Communist Party loyalist and Leninist until the day he died, while Freyer never joined the Nazi Party, was not an anti-Semite, and, on Muller's own showing, always maintained a distance from the *Bewegung*. Indeed, our author has to go to extraordinary lengths in an unsuccessful attempt to explain why Freyer never mentioned Hitler or National Socialism in *Revolution von rechts*, purportedly his most blameworthy publication.

The worst that one can say of Freyer, I believe, is that he adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward the Nazi regime during the first year of its existence. True, he praised Hitler publicly in 1933, but only in a speech applauding the decision to withdraw from the League of Nations as "the first and perhaps decisive step toward a true liquidation of the Versailles system." Even with the advantage of hindsight, this is not very incriminating. In fact, if one looks closely at Muller's honest account of Freyer's conduct during the period 1933 to 1935, one is unlikely to judge him harshly. To be sure, he was wrong to have placed any confidence in Hitler and the Nazis, but like Hermann Rauschning, author of the anti-Hitler classic *The Revolution of Nihilism*, he quickly lost it.

Muller fairly describes Freyer's anti-Nazi, if Aesopian, writings of the late 1930's and early 1940's, but he paints his years as a visiting professor in Budapest (1938-44) in darker hues than they warrant. There is no compel-

ling evidence to suggest that the man actively served the regime in Horthy's Hungary. Instead, he seems to have viewed the assignment as an opportunity to escape the suffocating, and threatening, political atmosphere in his native land. At this point, then, one begins to suspect that, for Muller, Freyer's real sin, and that of greater and more compromised thinkers such as Carl Schmitt and Martin Heidegger, was their rejection of liberal democracy, which neoconservatives advance as yet another stand-in deity. In religious accents, for example, they proclaim the message of "global democracy," much as Christians call for the evangelization of the world. "The ideology of Democratism," Russell Kirk has observed, "is a pseudo-religion, immanentizing the symbols of transcendence." Those who doubt this should note that Norman Podhoretz, *Commentary's* editor and a leading neoconservative spokesman, has referred to himself as "a virtual idolator of democracy."

There can be no doubt that the German conservatives took a jaundiced view of democracy, but then so have most great thinkers, from Plato to Tocqueville to Solzhenitsyn. And living in Weimar Germany Freyer observed many of the pathologies to which Americans now seem resigned. I doubt that he would be surprised that we live in a land laid waste by drugs, savage crime, uncontrolled appetites ("human rights"), and a dehumanizing welfare state, the ideal of which, George F. Kennan fears, "is not that more people should live really well, but that no one should."

But whether one allies oneself with conservatives (Muller's "radical conservatives") or neoconservatives will, finally, depend upon the attitude one adopts toward the Enlightenment. According to Muller, "Freyer continued to adhere to the historicist critique of the Enlightenment that lay behind the works of his radical conservative phase." For neoconservatives such a critique must be fatal, for they despise the Counter-Enlightenment and the historical thinking that questions the universality of reason's dictates and insists upon the relativity of political and social arrangements. Totalitarianism of the right and left, they believe, is rooted in romanticism, while democra-

cy and liberty proceed from the Enlightenment.

The issue is by no means so simple. For example, it is true, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, that the structure of Lukács's Marxism was Hegelian and in that sense romantic. Yet as Karl Mannheim wisely observed, Marxism emerged during the bourgeois epoch, and even as it accepted certain strands of irrationalism, it remained firmly within the rationalist world. That was clear, Mannheim argued, not only when one examined the "automatic" Marxism of the Second International, but when one looked closely at Lukács's version. Hegel's dialectical reason was not that of the positivists, but it possessed a powerful logic of its own. It did not so much destroy the Enlightenment's faith in reason, as it modified it. The trouble with Hegel, Kern, and Lukács, in Mannheim's view, was that their thinking was not historical and irrational enough.



At the same time, as Martin Jay has pointed out, the Frankfurt School theorists Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno maintained that "totalitarianism was less the repudiation of . . . the values of the Enlightenment than the working out of their inherent dynamic." One need not, of course, accept the entire argument those men presented in order to agree with their conclusion. Perhaps one should put it this way. It was the Enlightenment that replaced God with Man, Christian prescription with rational morality. Since that time, men have found it necessary to make and worship other gods. Nazism and communism failed, therefore, not because they opposed democracy, but because they substituted themselves for the historic Faith.

Lee Congdon is a professor of history at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Loving the Bitch-Goddess

by Don Feder

Judgment Day: My Years

With Ayn Rand

by Nathaniel Branden

Boston: Houghton Mifflin;

416 pp., \$21.95



Paul Johnson's book *Intellectuals*, published last year, chronicles the transgressions of modern avatars of wisdom (among them Rousseau, Marx, and Sartre) who, while professing a fervent devotion to humanity, behaved inhumanly toward those most meriting their compassion—spouses, lovers, family, friends, and associates. Although the targets of Johnson's caustic pen all were idols of the left, the volume would have been more credible had its author included at least one intellectual of the right. As Nathaniel Branden amply illustrates, the prophetic of laissez-faire capitalism would have been a worthy candidate. *Judgment Day* was written by Ayn Rand's former disciple and intellectual agent, who for twenty years played St. Paul to her messiah, and for most of that period also played a more earthy role in milady's boudoir.

Rand (1905-1982) was a novelist and self-styled philosopher who expounded her economic-political-moral theories in such best-selling novels as *Atlas Shrugged* and *The Fountainhead*, and in nonfiction works including *The Virtues of Selfishness* and *Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*.

Had the Russian-born author stopped after defending the free market and opposing collectivism, it would have been well and good. She went much further, however, attempting to construct an ethical system based on the idea of the individual as the highest human value. Capitalism became not merely utilitarian or a matter of justice but a moral ideal. In human relationships, selfishness was extolled. Her view of government bordered on anarchy. The Randian philosophy gained adherents in the 60's and beyond, most among callow collegians who believed reality could best be apprehended in works of fiction. Nathaniel Branden (né Nathan Blumenthal of Toronto)

was one of these. While still a teenager, Branden read *The Fountainhead* the way a yeshiva student studies Talmud and sent a philosophical fan letter to the author. The two eventually met, and a strange, symbiotic relationship evolved.

Initially Rand was Branden's mentor and patron; later he became her intellectual advance man, founding an institute to disseminate her ideas via lectures, tapes, and publications. Eventually, the greatest philosopher of reason since Aristotle (her own words) decided it was only fitting that the most heroic man and woman in the contemporary world should share the delights of Eros, as a complement to the communion of their spirits.

Notwithstanding that each was married to another, this superman and superwoman became lovers, until Branden tired at last of a physical relationship with a woman twenty-five years his senior and developed a serious case of the hots for a comely Objectivist wench, who was rational and heroic (also pneumatic). When Rand learned of the affair, the earth shook with her Olympian rage and Branden was cast into outer darkness: removed from his offices of trust, shorn of emoluments, and branded "irrational." All personal association between herself and the betrayer was terminated.

Judgment Day is Branden's belated attempt at self-justification. In it he provides an intimate view of the great woman and her court (called the "inner circle"), from which we may infer a lady who made Lillian Hellman seem positively charming by comparison—Margaret Hamilton with a philosophical system in place of a broomstick. As any who witnessed her withering contempt for questioners who challenged her during Ford Hall Forum appearances can attest, this was not a lady to be trifled with.

Casual observers could be blinded by the glare of contradictions. The exponent of reason (whose works exalted independent judgment and critical analysis) demanded cult-like obedience from her followers. Life with Ayn—the champion of individualism *par excellence*—included worshipful study of the master's canon, self-criticism sessions for errant disciples, denunciations, star chamber proceedings, and expulsions (and excommunications).

Like other ideological trailblazers, Rand created a secular religion—which, for a militant atheist who damned faith as “mysticism,” was quite a feat.

Her books, treated as revelation by followers, projected a self-contained world view: suffering is the result of altruism (which subjugates the human spirit) and collectivism (which enslaves man physically). Salvation lies in capitalism (with its corresponding economic and technological progress) and the liberating doctrine of rational self-interest—breaking the psychological chains of bondage to others. Only the deity could appoint the apostles of the new creed. After Branden was banished (with the malediction that he become impotent for at least twenty years, as atonement for his sins), Leonard Peikoff, a psychiatrist, became the new supreme pontiff. The punishment for heretics was banishment from the divine presence and eternal damnation as a “mystic” (irrational), “whim-worshiper” (one dominated by his desires), “second-handier” (uncritical absorber of ideals drawn from the surrounding culture) or other species of Randian apostate.

Some of her admirers have tried to excuse Rand’s quirky, tyrannical nature with the observation that she was the architect of a noble creed, who regrettably was incapable of living up to her ideals—a transparent rationalization that Rand herself would have sneeringly dismissed as an “evasion of reality” when applied to the conduct of lesser mortals. In fact, her life—a miserable, bitter, vindictive, lonely existence in the midst of fame and fortune—was the direct result of the ethos of Objectivism. Ayn Rand lived only for herself, measuring the value of others solely in terms of the benefit that she could derive from them. She was a user who exploited the blind adoration of her immature followers, relied upon her husband, Frank O’Connor, for emotional support, before coolly asking him to exit their apartment for her twice-weekly trysts with Branden.

Like secular humanism, Objectivism is founded upon the deification of the individual. By enshrining the self, it tends to rationalize human failings and exalt human appetites, which, after all, serve the greater good (the human

self). Rand, worshiping the ego, became the supreme egoist: self-assertive to the point of boorishness, candid to the point of cruelty, displaying a total lack of sympathy for the frailties of others. This is the creed she championed and lived by, a remorseless dogma without room for tolerance, compromise, or compassion.

Ayn Rand did make a number of positive contributions to the political debate. Having lived through the Russian Revolution, she was an ardent anticommunist: no one was more trenchant than she in damning the evils of the gulag state. And her opposition to collectivism was unsparing. In an age of anti-heroes, of hopelessness and determinism, she made a persuasive case for free will and celebrated the transcendence of the human spirit. Her failure was the downfall of most secular intellectuals: an obsession with ideals to the exclusion of human beings, a belief in the ultimate perfectibility of humanity, an attempt to create a man-centered moral code divorced from the eternal. Her private life stands as the ultimate refutation of her philosophy, as well as proof that utopianism of the right can be as delusionary and dangerous as utopianism of the left.

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Nothing Out of Something

by Loxley F. Nichols

Caroline Gordon: A Biography
by Veronica A. Makowsky
New York: Oxford University Press;
221 pp., \$21.95

Moving by fits and starts, this biography of the Southern novelist and wife of Allen Tate lacks focus and—ultimately—purpose. Veronica Makowsky’s is a dull account of an inherently interesting subject. This relatively small book is essentially a failure, rendering, as it does, a diminished, fragmented, and elusive portrait of Caroline Gordon.

The book does include some enter-

taining anecdotes, but these generally involve a funny comment made by the Tates’ young daughter Nancy that is transcribed verbatim. Unfortunately, when the humor turns on action rather than on words, Ms. Makowsky’s ineptness becomes painfully visible as she takes rich material, such as Gordon’s initial encounter with William Faulkner, and renders it limp, pallid, and anticlimactic.

Makowsky deals too much with the work and not enough with the life. One feels that she was perhaps trying to compensate for a dearth of information, or maybe she felt preempted by Ann Waldron’s 1987 biography, *Close Connections: Caroline Gordon and the Southern Renaissance* (which, while flawed, is much the better of the two books). When not putting the reader to sleep with plot summaries of Miss Gordon’s work, Ms. Makowsky is busy dousing him with buckets of Freudian interpretations. Recounting Gordon’s explanation of how she first learned to read—a spontaneous experience involving “Beauty and the Beast”—Makowsky helpfully explains: “Although at the end of the story Beauty turns the Beast into a handsome prince with her kiss, much of the tale’s suspense concerns the fate of Beauty’s father. . . . Little Caroline, who worshipped her father, may well have identified with Beauty and longed for a similar opportunity to prove her love.”

Worse than her tendency to make much out of little, however, is Ma-

LIBERAL ARTS

RSVP

DENVER—No one will eat—or even show up—tomorrow at the second annual No-Show Banquet in celebration of World Food Day.

CARE-Denver, a branch of the worldwide agency that provides food, shelter, clothing and money in disaster-stricken areas, is sponsoring the “non-event.”

Invitations sent last week requested the absence of Denver residents at the “most important social function you’ll never attend.”

Those wishing to be absent at the banquet may contribute to CARE . . .

—from the Denver Post,
October 15, 1989

kowsky's propensity to make something out of nothing. For example, her comment concerning the Tates' argument with their live-in guest, Hart Crane, is totally unwarranted. Because, according to Crane, Gordon had accused him of spreading himself and his "possessions all over the house, invading every corner," Makowsky conjectures that: "Caroline may have been demonstrating her territorial rights over Allen to the homosexual Crane since her words and actions

concern the warding off of an invader." Waldron's more credible account is that Gordon was trying to conserve time and space for her writing, not for her husband. On other occasions, when the need for authorial comment is apparent, Makowsky is restrained, and even silent. Both biographies address the subject of Caroline Gordon's rumored single abortion (a possibility, according to Makowsky; a fact, according to Waldron), but, curiously, neither biographer is able or willing to com-

ment on what, if true, must have been the source of subsequent distress, in light of Gordon's later conversion to Catholicism.

According to Waldron and Makowsky, Caroline Gordon had two passions: literature and Allen Tate. Yet while both of her biographies manage to convey a sense of their subject's writing, they fail to elucidate the depth and degree of her love for Allen Tate, or even to render the essential nature of that relationship, despite their close attention to Tate's infidelities and Gordon's steadfast patience, as well as their two marriages and several separations.

Ultimately, both Makowsky and Waldron lack real sympathy with their subject. Tellingly, both establish an implied contrast between Miss Gordon's "Southern" qualities (which they disparage) and her "feminist" ones (which they approve). They offer an oversimplified explanation of Miss Gordon's gregarious hospitality and untiring efforts to help other writers as "compensations" for difficulties within her marriage. While this explanation may be true in part, surely her generosity of spirit was also inherent in her personality and was nurtured during her early years spent among the extended family that congregated at her grandmother's farm.

What Veronica Makowsky does offer the reader is a clear appreciation of Gordon's classical education and its importance to her work, and she provides also an appreciative evaluation of the artist's talents as a teacher of writing. And, if we exempt the incomparable *Aleck Maury*, *Sportsman*, which is full of wit and humor, her following observation on Gordon's fiction is astute:

Her works are often beautiful examples of technical mastery, but the thoughts, the feelings, the wit, and the humor that enlivened her letters and her conversations are absent from her characters and her authorial voice. In some ways the very seriousness with which she regarded the art of fiction barred her from the serendipitous, impulsive plunges into the human heart that often make for great fiction.

BRIEF MENTIONS

OUTSIDERS IN THE GREEK CITIES IN THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C. by Paul McKechnie London and New York: Routledge; 231 pp., \$45.00

The social-political problem caused by large numbers of aliens is nothing new in the world. Juvenal complained bitterly against the influx into Rome from the Middle East, and England more than once witnessed riots of apprentices rising up against "strangers." In the early classical period aliens were not regarded as a serious threat in most Greek city-states, where they arrived either as merchants or political exiles. However, in the view of Paul McKechnie, the proportion of aliens in the population increased dramatically in the fourth century, as mercenaries, pirates, traders, and itinerant craftsmen changed the shape of life in the Greek polis. Part of the increase was due to the disruptions caused by Alexander, but accompanying these political changes was a new social ideology that regarded the city-state as a bit old-fashioned and as something less than normative. The political consequences, he seems to argue, were significant. It was the availability of mobile and deracinated professional classes that enabled Alexander and his successors—the world's first globalists—to create and sustain empires out of what had been independent city-states.

Outsiders was originally a dissertation, and its disjointed chapters still bear some traces of their origin. This lucid and original work was the 1986 recipient of the Croom Helm Ancient History Prize. (TF)

FUNDAMENTALISM: HAZARDS AND HEARTBREAKS by Rod L. Evans and Irwin M. Berent LaSalle, IL: Open Court; 175 pp., \$11.95

In the preface to this sensible and often fair-minded discussion of fundamentalism, Isaac Asimov compares literalist interpreters of Scripture with the Baker Street Irregulars, who treat the Sherlock Holmes stories as history and exercise their wits in discovering ingenious ways of upholding the recorder's inerrancy. Evans and Berent are perhaps kinder to their subject than Asimov, but their clear intention is to provide a critique of the less wholesome aspects of fundamentalism.

Their purpose is in itself unexceptional, and even (or, especially) fundamentalists could derive profit from their arguments. Unfortunately, the book is marred by its front-matter from Asimov and Steve Allen, neither of whom has anything useful to say on the topic, and by the blurbs from Robert Schuller, Thomas Szasz, and Alex Haley. Worse, the bibliography is thin and trendy, including Stephen Jay Gould (three titles!), Carl Sagan, Elaine Pagels, and—worst of all—Harry Emerson Fosdick. It is one thing to challenge biblical accounts of astronomy, since Genesis is not a work of science, but quite another thing to doubt Herod's slaughter of the innocents on the grounds that "Herod's reign is well documented." That will come as good news for the ancient historian. Of course, no Christian possessed of a critical intelligence can swallow biblical inerrancy whole, but the fundamentalists are a lot closer to the truth than the half-educated religious liberals who believe only in the spirit of religion. (TF)

There are other instances where Makowsky is on target. Yet, for the reader, the harvest is taxing, the yield hardly worth the effort.

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Epistles From the Master

by David R. Slavitt

Vladimir Nabokov: Selected Letters 1940-1977

Edited by Dmitri Nabokov and Matthew J. Bruccoli

New York and San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 582 pp., \$29.95

What an inspiring book this is! Even though the trials of the literary life are notorious and banal, there are few of us who are sufficiently hardened to the blows that we don't at least on occasion allow our guard to fall and make the mistake of taking the kicks and pricks personally. Old pro or young tyro, we are all of us susceptible to the whine of sanity and reason, supposing that, at least on occasion, it may be that we are wrong and the world is right, that the combined judgment of all those editors, publishers, reviewers, and professors must have some substance to it.

At those times of trial and uncertainty, we may in the future turn to Nabokov's letters, in this handsomely produced volume—not just on the bookshelf but close at hand, where we can take courage and comfort from the genial master, all silk on the surface but steel underneath, as he so suavely resists the invincible ignorance of Viking; Farrar, Straus; Holt; Doubleday; *Harper's*; *The New Yorker*; *The Atlantic*; *The New York Times Book Review*; and all the other hacks, timeservers, buffoons, churls, dimwits, dolts, dullards, and dummies whose absurd destiny and only purpose seems to be to annoy their betters.

He is never ruffled, because these vermin just aren't worth it, but an attentive reader can catch at least a suggestion of his exasperation when he explains patiently to Katherine White, wife of E.B. and, for a time, the fiction

editor of *The New Yorker*, that she can't mess with his copy with the same insouciance that publication showed most of the peons on the old finca. Toward the end of a long list of comments on Ms. White's editorial tinkering with one of his *Pnin* stories, Nabokov icily suggests, "34. This insertion is impossible. Nothing should be added here. I worked for a month on this passage."

Large and small, early and late, Nabokov had to deal with these *bêtises*, and he did so, gently but firmly, never for a moment forgetting who he was (a great writer) and who they were (for the most part, justifiably underpaid tradesmen obviously out of their depth).

It is impressive to note how a distinguished editor (like the late Pascal Covici) at a distinguished house (Viking, then an independent publisher) could be so wrongheaded as to reject *Pnin*, that most charming and least challenging of Nabokov's novels. On aesthetic grounds? Or commercial? Either judgment today seems stupid, but Nabokov knew it was even then and, with a perfect certainty and faith, understood that he might as well have been dealing with members of another species. Similarly, at Doubleday, which published *Pnin* and Nabokov's *Dozen*, editor Jason Epstein and editor-in-chief Ken McCormick not only couldn't get the house to do *Lolita*, they couldn't even get Douglas Black, the president of the company, to read the manuscript.

To *The New York Times Book Review*, which had commissioned a review of Sartre's *La Nausée*, he suggests an obvious truth: "May I add that if you could pay me more for this kind of work, I would be able to devote more time to it," and then, once the work is done, he writes to chide them: "This is the first time in my life that something written by me has been pruned by others without my consent. When you asked me to write the article, the very first thing I did was to draw your attention to the fact that I would have to be consulted before any cuts were made. This was a condition—otherwise I would not have written the article at all. . . . [It] is all hopelessly botched and butchered and in gaping discord with my signature. I repeat that never before has any publication

acted with such utter *sans-gêne* towards me."

Throughout all these trials by idiocy, Nabokov remains relatively unruffled and, in the best sense, gentlemanly. It is a rare moment when he allows his exasperation to show through—as he did with Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic*, to whom he wrote in October of 1948: "I have received your letter of September 30 and can only excuse its contents by assuming that you were in your cups when you wrote it. . . . Your letter is so silly and rude that I do not think I want to have anything to do with you or the *Atlantic* any more."

Nabokov was not perfect. Nobody is. Some of his opinions about art and literature, which he expressed in *Strong Opinions* (1973) but which naturally appear here in the letters, were eccentric and wrong—he certainly undervalued Faulkner and T.S. Eliot, for instance. But Nabokov was a creative writer, not a critic, and if his enthusiasms and dislikes require any justification, the wide shelf of his novels, stories, translations, and poems is more than sufficient. Indeed, it is the unquestionably high level of that achievement that gives this volume its particularly therapeutic value for young writers—or writers of any age who, at some moment or other of their lives, happen to be beaten down by the willfully shortsighted stupidity and cupidity of the middlemen of the arts. To read these letters and see how Nabokov got his share of the nonsense, and to realize how little he let it get to him, is to be cleansed and strengthened. He redirects our attention from the ephemeral annoyances to the lasting values that lured us to the arts in the first place.

L'affaire Lolita was a particularly severe series of trials. Nabokov may have been somewhat naïf when he wrote to Maurice Girodias of Olympia Press (of all people!): "You and I know that *Lolita* is a serious book with a serious purpose. I hope the public will accept it as such. A *succès de scandale* would distress me." There was such a *scandale*, not so much because of the book as because of the curious character of that moment in American cultural history. It is my own theory that the relaxation of movie standards that came about through the rating system (and the motion picture pro-

ducers' struggle to stay in business in spite of the challenges of television) rather incidentally changed the ecology for books, for which, automatically, there was a literacy test to limit their audience. A decade later, and the to-do about *Lolita* would hardly have been noticeable. Nabokov was amused by it, only mildly distressed, and always wonderfully balanced.

I remember going up to Ithaca in 1958 to interview him for *Newsweek*,

the terms of my assignment being to determine whether either town or gown now thought of him—to use my editor's words—as “a dirty old man who played with himself in the shower.” What Nabokov told me, and what he wrote shortly thereafter to Walter Minton, the president of Putnam's, the book's publisher, was that “the university's attitude toward the *Lolita* matter has been above reproach.” On the other hand, during the Halloween

trick-or-treating the week before our interview, Nabokov said that a young girl had appeared at his doorstep dressed in tennis whites and wearing a sign around her neck that proclaimed her identity as “Lolita.” He shook his head and explained, “And I don't think they knew I was the author of the book. Frankly, I was shocked.”

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REVISIONS



DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE

H.L. Mencken said that there is really only one economic law worth worrying about, that what goes up must come down, and *vice versa*. This, in essence, is the thesis of Bill Emmott's *The Sun Also Sets: The Limits to Japan's Economic Power* (New York: Times Books/Random House; 292 pp., \$19.95), a timely book written in a style that owes nothing to Hemingway and still less, if that were possible, to Ecclesiastes.

Mr. Emmott—who spent three years as Tokyo bureau chief for *The Economist* and is presently working in London as the business affairs editor of that publication—in his penultimate chapter does, however, recapitulate his argument with an admirable brevity that bears quoting. Against all who predict that Japan is the coming world power, garishly illuminated by a rising sun that is destined at the same time to throw both the United States and the Western European countries into shadow, Emmott argues that:

“[T]he metaphor of the ever-rising sun, does not really work. Suns do not just rise. They also set. That is the new era in Japan, the era of the setting sun. It was already under way in the mid-1980s, even as Japan's exports of capital were prompting speculation and concern about the emergence of Japanese power. The factors that characterized Japan's rise have changed, under the influence of the rise itself: that is, of affluence, international exposure, the

capital surplus, and the now-strong yen. Japan is becoming a nation of consumers, of pleasure-seekers, of importers, of investors and of speculators. Abundant money and free financial markets risk turning this new nation of speculators into one of boom and bust. More certainly, time and the maturing of the baby-boom generation will make Japan a nation of pensioners.

“What this means economically is that Japan's trade and current-account surpluses will disappear, not forever necessarily, but for a significant period. With them will go Japan's role as an exporter of capital. . . . Moreover, if the capital surplus does continue only for these few years, then Japan's candidacy as a top power would have to be consigned to the dustbin of history, along with that of the oil producers of OPEC, whose 1970 surpluses lasted for less than a decade.”

There is a sense in which this talk of which nation is to be—or is to be regarded as—the Number One Power belongs not just to the realm of the speculative but even to that of the unreal, and Bill Emmott is plainly aware of it. Ultimately, of course, we are dealing with questions of relation and relativity, so that, “Only if America fails to lead will Japan have to initiate; only if Japan becomes more powerful than America will Japan really begin to set its own international agenda. The story of Japan's sunrise and its eventual sunset is really a tale of two countries, of Japan and of America.”

Like the serendipitous forces that have converged to produce the so-called economic miracle of Japan, those others that have combined to create America's contemporary economic malaise need not, as Emmott reminds us, prove to be either lasting or determinant ones. Decades of inflationary democracy, compounded by the well-meaning but frequently ill-advised economic policies of the Reagan administration, have resulted in an American economy whose undeniable strengths are underlain by systemic weaknesses; according to Emmott, “This remedying of macroeconomics errors is the basic task facing the United States.” So far, so good; beyond this point, it should come as no surprise that, for the editor of a magazine founded originally to uphold the principles of Free Trade, “The greatest worry after the Reagan era is that the United States could turn protectionist”—that, “In particular, America [could close] its borders to trade, investment, and immigration.”

Given the source of this heartfelt opinion, it is probably futile to argue with its wisdom, beyond observing that a) the United States is unlikely to “close” its borders against *anything*, including cocaine from Columbia, and b) there is always the possibility that the sort of (relatively minor) economic inefficiencies that Bill Emmott believes protectionist policies always cause might be more than compensated for by domestic felicities lying well beyond the purview of the dismal science. (CW)

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Editing the South

I have a more or less professional interest in Southern regional magazines. Some I've written for, others I've written about, one or two I've cribbed from—one way or another a few subscriptions and the odd newsstand purchase wind up as deductions on my income tax. Whatever else these magazines may be, they're all part of the image machine that exploits and celebrates and burnishes Southern difference and self-consciousness. Month after month, year in and year out, even humdrum trade magazines like *The Southern Sociologist* and *The Southern Funeral Director* say by their very titles that the South exists, that there's something different (and usually at least by implication better) about it. One reason I follow these magazines is to keep track of what that something is supposed to be.

A few examples and maybe you can draw your own conclusions. Consider, for instance, *Southern Living*, an extravagantly successful house-and-garden magazine out of Birmingham, this year celebrating its silver anniversary. I'll have more to say about *SL* next month; for now, simply note that more than three million subscribers make it not just the most successful Southern magazine, but the most successful regional magazine, period, leaving the West Coast's *Sunset* far behind and inspiring imitators that include the recent *Midwestern Living*. *Southern Living* has acquired a number of other magazines itself, among them *Travel South*, essentially an expanded and freestanding edition of *SL*'s travel section, and *Southern Accents*, sort of a Southern *Architectural Digest*. *Southern Accents* appeals to a more upscale market than its parent magazine, but the basic message—that Southerners have both a different idea of gracious living and a special knack for it—is approximately the same.

In the interests of science, I read another magazine with pretty much the same view of what the South is about. "The days of Scarlett O'Hara may be gone," says an ad in *Southern Bride* (subtitled "The Magazine of Traditional Weddings"), "but that same graciousness and majesty, that same elegance and style so steeped in tradition live on in the Southern weddings today." No Kahlil Gibran here, in other words, and the magazine's letters column provides a forum for aggrieved traditionalists like the minister who wrote to complain about a couple who wanted "She's Having My Baby" played at their wedding.

Regional chauvinism can provide a potent hook for advertising, as it does for the Birmingham engraver who gushes in *Southern Bride* that "There's Just Something About a Southern Wedding—Something Only a Southern Engraver Can Capture!" But sometimes the pitch is a little more subtle, like: "Thanks to her grandmother, her hair is red, her eyes are green and her flatware is silver."

A somewhat less old-fashioned image of the South can be found in *Southern Style*, a big glossy women's magazine from the Whittle Communications empire of Knoxville. "The Southern woman stands apart from her neighbors to the north and the west," the first issue proclaimed. "She is proud, she is dedicated, she is capable and she has the courage to live life, not merely observe it." (I have no idea what this means. Do you?)

Clearly the editors hope that "the Southern woman" stands apart at least enough to want a magazine of her own. One way she stands apart, they claim, is in what she wants to look like. According to the magazine's market director, "Editors in New York don't know [Southern women's] taste in clothes or hairstyles and they don't understand their pride in the region." Before *Southern Style* came along, many Southern women had given up on Yankee fashion magazines: "They either didn't want to look like that or it was unattainable."

Maybe so. Anyway, the attractive women pictured in *Southern Style* are

not the killer androgynes one finds in *Vogue*—although few are as unandrogynous as Dolly Parton, who graced the first issue's cover and allowed inside that "I'm always defending us. I'm quick to jump in when somebody tries to make light of the South." If you've ever picked up a magazine only to find all the cents-off coupons already clipped, *Southern Style* has found the answer: each ad for Duncan Hines cake mix in its special "Salon Edition" (distributed free to beauty parlors throughout the South) is accompanied by a dozen coupons. This sounds tacky, but *Southern Style* is actually well-edited, pleasant to look at, and surprisingly literate.

When you've had as much gentility as you can stand, though, turn for a purgative to a magazine that's one of my personal favorites: *Southern Guns & Shooter*. A recent cover shows two pistols superimposed on the Confederate battle flag and headlines an article entitled "The Threat From Up North—They're Still Trying To Take Our Guns Away." In the same issue another article reviews the "45 ACP: S—t Kicker of a Gun," and a regular feature is the "Sheriff of the Month." This is not some low-budget lunatic-fringe newsletter. At \$2.50, it is chock-full of advertising and color photographs with captions like, "Jan likes the feel of a long barrel, something she can get her fingers around and caress like a fine collector's item." Eat your heart out, Howard Metzenbaum.

Right now the question of Southern identity, what it means to be Southern and who qualifies, strikes me as up for grabs, and regional magazines offer a remarkable variety of answers, some only implicitly, others more forthrightly. The *Southern Partisan*, for instance, a fire-eating quarterly out of Columbia, still stoutly maintains the classic "Forget, Hell!" position. The *Partisan* never apologizes, seldom explains. Its views on current politics could be characterized roughly as New Right, but the issues that really excite it are old ones. Very old ones. Its sections have headings like "The Smoke Never Clears," "From Behind Enemy Lines," and "CSA Today," and its

habit of referring to Richmond as "our nation's capital" lets you know exactly where the *Partisan* is coming from. Personally, I'd enjoy the magazine more if its editors would stop giving their Scalawag Award to friends of mine, but the *Partisan* may be valuable the way an old musket is valuable: as a reminder of valor long ago, in simpler times, and maybe still serviceable in a pinch.

For something entirely different, check out *Southern Exposure*, the organ of a somber band of aging New Leftists at Durham's Institute for Southern Studies, an organization spun off some years back by the pinko Institute for Policy Studies. The *Utne Reader* (a sort of countercultural *Reader's Digest*) recently gave *Southern Exposure* an "Alternative Press Award" as "an enduring catalyst for social change in a place defined by tradition"—you get the idea. *Southern Exposure* is the favorite Southern magazine of non-Southern "progressives," since it tells them that the South is still primarily about oppression, injustice, and struggle. Occasionally, though, *Southern Exposure* takes time off from its favorite causes to appreciate the culture of the Southern common folk. Its appreciation is selective (voting for Jesse Helms is not an acceptable folk-way), but it has published some good stuff on Southern religion and music, for example.

Oddly, *Southern Exposure* resembles the *Southern Partisan* in some ways. For one thing, neither magazine is a barrel of laughs. *Exposure* is deadly serious, while the *Partisan* sometimes tries to be funny, but I almost always wish it hadn't. Both magazines are mostly predictable but occasionally tell you things that you won't learn anywhere else, some of them even true. Finally, both represent authentic, indigenous Southern traditions. Maybe you can link *Southern Exposure* to the Populist movement of a century ago, if not to Marse Tom Jefferson himself; at the very least it's working a field well ploughed during the Depression by the writers and photographers of the WPA and the Farm Security Administration. *Southern Exposure* isn't the only remaining outlet for proletarian testimonial and hardscrabble documentary photography, but it may be the only one with ink that doesn't come off on

your fingers.

If the Southern thesis is stated by the *Southern Partisan* and the antithesis by *Southern Exposure*, I think a magazine that came out of Little Rock a few years ago can be seen as the late-20th-century synthesis. A book called *Myth, Media, and the Southern Mind*, by a University of Arkansas professor named Stephen Smith, documented the emergence in the 1970's of a new and different "myth" of the South (Jimmy Carter had a lot to do with this, and so did Burt Reynolds)—not the Old South, not the South of "We Shall Overcome" either, but rather a down-home sort of place that had its problems, but that also offered good music, good food, good people, and good times: That was the South of *Southern* magazine.

Folks with loyalties to other myths, or vested interests in them, could not have been expected to like *Southern*, and they didn't. It quickly earned the *Southern Partisan's* Scalawag Award for an article asking whether the South needs a new flag, and the editor of *Southern Changes* (a *Southern Exposure*-like magazine published by the Southern Regional Council) dismissed it as nostalgic entertainment, not serious. But *Southern* quickly became a quirky, engaging, unpredictable magazine. And a successful one, too, with upwards of 200,000 subscribers.

Southern wasn't the first general-interest Southern magazine (*Southern Voices* and *Southern World* each lasted a year or so in the 1970's), but it was better financed and better edited than its predecessors. Linton Weeks, its editor, enlisted dozens of talented Southern writers, well-known and obscure, black and white, most of them young; he published Lee Smith's fiction, John Egerton's culinary essays, Roy Blount's humor, Florence King on Southern women, Fetzner Mills on stock-car racing. *Southern's* motto was "The South, the whole South, and nothing but the South." If it was *Southern*, *Southern* was interested. This led to occasional false steps (I thought an article on upper-middle-class gay Birmingham was especially ill-advised). But many Southerners of a certain age—roughly, well, thirty-something or a little older—seem to feel that portraying the South warts and all is all right, as long as it's made clear that

Southern warts are more interesting than anyone else's.

Discerning readers will have noticed that I write about *Southern* in the past tense. Last summer, it went out of business, but not for any reason that you're likely to suppose. That story deserves a letter of its own, and will get it next month.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He wrote an article and a book review for Southern magazine, and was planning to write some more.

Letter From the Southwest

by Odie Faulk

"Which Way Did They Go?"

There was a time when Texas stood for more than can be expressed in words. It was a symbol of everything that was good about the American West—and perhaps even of the United States itself. Texas was a state of mind, a place where men stood on their own two feet without whining to the government for help, where men a little larger than life came face to face with death and destiny. This was the land of the Alamo and San Jacinto, a place where a small army of Texans overwhelmingly defeated Santa Anna and a superior Mexican force. It was a land that produced men such as Sam Houston who, in his old age, began writing "I" instead of "S" in his first name, thereby signing himself, "I am Houston." It was a land of Texas Rangers, men whose motto was "One riot, one Ranger."

Across the years since my youth, I have watched with fascination as the mythic, symbolic Texas was used to promote everything from automobiles to cigarettes, and I have gradually come to the conclusion that Texas will be for the 1990's what California has been for the previous three decades—the land where new trends begin and the birthplace of new cultural fads.

The election of 1988 certainly showed that the state where Eisenhower was born and that produced Lyndon Johnson has become popular politically.

The Republicans nominated George Bush, an adopted Texan, while the Democrats sought to hold the South with Lloyd Benson's nomination for Vice-President.

Prior to December of 1987 and my retirement, my wife and I had decided to retire in Texas. We thought we would like Waco, a city that appealed to us as a place where we could decline, hopefully with some grace, toward the grave. I had been gone 25 years from my native state as I followed an academic career that took me from Texas to Arizona to Oklahoma to Tennessee and back to Oklahoma. (My friends say I have been a mendicant scholar.)

I will admit to intense patriotic feelings for the Lone Star State as we crossed the Red River headed for Waco. Texas history is drilled into youngsters in the 4th, 7th, and 11th grades, and with Sir Walter Scott I could say, "This is my own, my native land!"

The physical change wrought by 25 years were obvious everywhere, especially in Fort Worth and Dallas, both of which I had known well as a youngster. It was apparent that contractors had half succeeded in their goal of covering everything in the so-called Metroplex with concrete or asphalt highways. And if, as Samuel Johnson noted, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," it is the first refuge of Texas car dealers; every one of them flying a Lone Star flag half as big as a football field.

On to Waco we went. I long had been aware that Waco has an image problem. One Dallas radio station reportedly ran a contest in which the first prize was a week in Waco, and the second prize was two weeks in Waco. There are those who make snide comments that Waco, as the home of Baylor University, is the "Baptist Vatican," while others call it "The Baptist Heaven on the Brazos."

Not anxious to rush into something so major as buying a house, my wife and I rented an apartment for three months and began sizing up the place where we intended to spend what the media people love to call our "golden years." For us the weather seemed gloriously warm for the middle of winter, and we delighted in what locally are known as "Yankee-bashing commercials." Texas is a market so large that commercials are made especially for the state by car manufacturers and beer

makers, and several of these poke fun at the Yankees who have inundated the state in the last several years.

About two weeks after my arrival in the city, during which we kept congratulating ourselves on our choice, my mirror told me the time had come for a haircut. Thereby began my disillusionment with the Texas of the late 1980's.

The future may be a place where all barbershops are unisex, and I know there are some men who like women to trim their locks. However, I confess to a weakness for barbershops with linoleum floors and chrome dinette chairs for those awaiting their turn to be shorn by male barbers. This is the kind of place where denizens talk unashamedly about fishing and hunting and the best time in the spring to plant tomatoes.

I found such a place in one of Waco's malls and sat down to wait my turn. Idly I flipped through a slick magazine, one with Texas in its title, and there I found an article about the inaugural festivities for Bill Clements, the first Republican-elected governor since Reconstruction. He served from 1978 to 1982, was turned out by Mark White, a Democrat, and then won again in 1986 for a second four-year term.

This article told of the several inaugural parties that were held at various Austin hotels—apparently one party was not enough. At each of these there were gaudy displays of the latest gowns from Paris and tuxedos custom-made by British tailors. Those in attendance, I read, were fed on fancy dishes whose names could be pronounced only by intimates of French restaurants who dine on disgusting things that real Americans do not eat. And they sipped on vintage wines from Tuscany and Bordeaux, imported for the occasion, not on tawdry domestic brands.

I was confused. Was this the same state that had elected Pat Neff in 1920, a man so strict in his moral convictions that he would not hold an inaugural party because he did not believe in dancing? I sat in a daze as I got my haircut—which cost a dollar more than it had in Oklahoma.

Once my disillusionment began, there was no turning back. I had crossed some kind of Rubicon that caused me to notice other disturbing things about Texas. I recalled only too well when Texas had adopted the sales tax, Gover-

nor Price Daniel promising solemnly that it would never go above two cents per dollar. In 1987 it stood at eight cents on the dollar in Waco and Dallas, and there was increasing talk about the need for a personal income tax to finance social services that an expanding bureaucracy argued were needed.

Not long after this, we were in Dallas and went into the Galleria to shop. This fancy mall further contributed to my confusion, for here in North Dallas I saw shops that boasted of having outlets only in "Geneva, Paris, New York, Beverly Hills, and Dallas." Here were men and women dressed in "chic Western"—and who were, as described by one disgusted old-time Texan, "more hat than cattle."

These people are thick in parts of Dallas and Houston—and increasingly prevalent in Fort Worth and San Antonio: a pack of liberal-voting, Mercedes-driving, imported-wine-drinking, quiche-eating snobs dressed in exotic-skin boots, designer jeans, imported fringe jackets, and Indian jewelry made



in Hong Kong. They gather at ersatz Western pubs and glitzy steak houses to discuss the latest chic social cause being pushed by Dan Rather and other Texans who have sold out to New York.

Outside the big cities the old-time Texas virtues and verities may still hold sway, but this no longer is a land where the major state newspapers are run by men like George Dealey in Dallas, Amon Carter in Fort Worth, and Will Hobby in Houston. Rather these corporate entities now are directed by descendants who are graduates of Harvard Business School and who are more interested in punishing South Africa than in moving Texas forward economically. It is a state under siege from the south by illegal immigrants, from the north by liberals bent on providing social services for everyone who cannot or will not work, and from within by bureaucrats bent on advancing their social agenda. It is with sadness I say that while the state I knew has grown to almost 20 million, too few of them are Texans.

Odie Faulk is an emeritus professor of history and resides in Waco.

SPORTS



The Party's Over

by Janet Scott Barlow

The two most elemental questions raised by the Pete Rose gambling scandal were: do actions have consequences? and do the rules mean anything? With Rose's suspension from major league baseball, in keeping with the rules of major league baseball, came one answer to both questions: yes.

But the affair raised other questions whose answers weren't so clear cut, questions that had special weight here in Cincinnati. What is the cost, to both the adored and the adoring, of blind adoration? Who determines children's heros and why? What is the difference between a tragic figure and an arrogant fool?

Cincinnati is in all ways conservative—solid, predictable, and rooted. Trends are received rather than started here; and even at that, change takes its time. There is order here and a feeling of isolation, in the positive sense. This is not a cynical town. (Neither is it a town that's exactly bursting with humor, an idea you can prove simply by observing Cincinnati's unwillingness to laugh it off.) Depending on the circumstances, Cincinnati can be either pleased or defensive about its parochial image.

There is no confusion, however, about the city's pride in being the birthplace of major league baseball. The game is important here, a factor in the

collective identity, the one thing above all others that can really juice up the populace. That this baseball town is also the birthplace of Pete Rose, the most mythic player of the modern era, has always been seen as some sort of glorious gift, a blessing from the baseball gods. Rose gave Cincinnati the kind of pleasure a long-awaited only child gives—and he received the same kind of indulgence. He was prized, pampered, and adored. He was also something of a psychological surrogate for Cincinnati. He was brash and Cincy wasn't; but it was safe to love his brashness because he was dependable and he had endurance: he always delivered the professional goods.

But the figure of Pete Rose also reflected Cincinnati's little conflict with its self-image. Rose's baseball charisma, his major league records, and, eventually, his status as a sports legend gave this Midwestern city a sense of national stature and significance. If you talked about baseball—and who didn't want to talk about baseball?—you talked about Pete Rose. And if you talked about Pete Rose, you talked about Cincinnati. At the same time, his professional work ethic and I-am-what-I-am personality reinforced the city's sense of itself as basic and unpretentious.

The dual purpose Pete Rose served for Cincinnati was displayed perfectly in a pair of television commercials he did for a chain of local chili parlors. In one, Rose was wearing a black satin jacket and driving a red custom Porsche 935 through the city streets at night, stopping at a corner to wordlessly hand a plate of chili dogs (known locally as coneys) to a beautiful girl. Who was that masked man? In the second ad, Rose was seated in a chili parlor, offering a straightforward recommendation of the restaurant's fare: "Them dogs are good." Together those ads showed someone simultaneously bigger than life and reassuringly ordinary: a man who was common enough to flaunt incorrect English and important enough to get paid for it; rich enough to drive a \$100,000 car and pedestrian enough to choose something fast, sexy, and red. In a word, he was perfect.

In truth, Rose's public persona was

hard not to like. He loved doing what he did (and he was good at it) and being who he was (for a while, he was good at that, too), and people with those twin loves are often fun to watch. His enthusiasm was genuine and obvious, and there was a certain charm in his shrugging rejection of false modesty. When once asked what historic figure he would most like to be, Rose answered, "Me." It was a reasonable answer, since many baseball fans, faced with the same question, would also have chosen to be him. Mike Schmidt of the Phillies, called Pete Rose "the most likable arrogant person I've ever met."

But beyond the subtle local complexities, the deal Cincinnati cut with Pete Rose was wholly typical and very common. He would be their icon, and they in turn would let him do, with no cost to his icon status, whatever he pleased. It's the standard fan-icon deal, and it usually works out because both parties get what they want. In this case, it was such a good deal that no one, including Rose, had to account for his nasty divorce, his uncontested paternity suit, and the public charge by one of his children that he was a lousy father. (Them deals are good.) The only miscalculation Rose and the homefolks made was to assume that nothing could take the deal out of their collective hands.

When the gambling allegations against Pete Rose surfaced last spring, the reaction of most fans here was denial: "He didn't do it." As the case against Rose grew stronger, the reaction was emotional defiance, expressed most succinctly by the fan who said, "I think he did it, but I don't care." (Or perhaps by Mr. Gradual Taylor, the local musician who recorded a rap song titled "Leave Pete Rose Alone.") But when it finally became plain that Rose very likely had trashed the rules of baseball and then lied repeatedly about his actions, the reaction wasn't outrage, it was confusion, followed by general municipal depression. To be sure, some fans were steamed. One called Rose "baseball's answer to Richard Nixon." And a local sportswriter said that "Pete has shown the judgment of a gerbil." But noisy outrage is not Cincinnati's style;

and in any case, outrage is on some level an admission that the deal was a questionable idea to start with. There was little talk here of "betrayal." Instead, things got awfully quiet, even as the local media went nuts with the story.

There was, however, much discussion from other quarters—network talk shows, the national press—about athletes as role models, children's need for heroes, and Rose's "betrayal of America's youth." (To find out what Cincinnati youth were thinking, local TV reporters trooped into area high schools, whereupon viewers were treated to the spectacle of teenagers, their adolescent self-consciousness compounded by the presence of cameras, offering such insights as, "Like, you know, Pete's really great and everything, so I don't think they should kick him out and stuff.")

Frankly, the whole subject bewildered me. It has always seemed to me an odd idea that sports figures are to be considered role models for children, that youngsters should be encouraged to learn how to live by observing the conduct of famous strangers. It seems equally odd that those famous strangers should be expected—or trusted—to teach them. If the life conduct of a professional athlete must be something children can emulate, then why do adults themselves, as Cincinnatians have over the years, serve their own needs first by ignoring or forgiving so much of the athlete's personal behavior? If, on the other hand, the adult fan's test of an athlete's hero status is strictly his professional performance, why should a kid's test be any less realistic? Does anyone actually believe that children cannot understand the difference between a talented person and a good person?

The public nagging that follows the idea of professional athletes, especially ball players, as heroes for children comes mostly from adult males who nurture a strong romantic connection to baseball, those who see the game in terms of poetry—"eternal Spring," "divine symmetry," and all that. Unlike the fans who practice the cult of personality (the icon-builders), these baseball romantics promote the cult of the game—"the Church of Baseball," as the female mystic-cum-love object in *Bull Durham* called it. But while the personality cultists, when pushed to the wall by

something like the Rose incident, react honestly ("I think he did it, but I don't care" may be crude, but it's direct), the game cultists get slippery when cornered. What they said about the Rose scandal was, more or less, that it had wounded the hero-starved psyches of budding athletes everywhere. What they felt, however, seemed to be something entirely different: *Damn, real life, all irreverent and unpoetic, has interrupted our private services in the Church of Baseball.*

It's fine for adults to have their emotional freebies, their secret little corners where fantasy and sentiment can have free rein. That's one of the functions of sports, and you can even go ahead and call the whole business poetry if you want to. What you cannot do, unless you want to look pretty silly, is use children as front men for adult escapism and their needs as a rationalization for grown-up fantasies gone bad. If the writers who so love baseball were really thinking of kids, they would do a quick reality check and look at the Rose case for what it is. Pete Rose was a public figure who knew the rules, contracted to abide by the rules, broke the rules, and suffered the prescribed punishment. He isn't the only kind of public example one would choose for children, but as an object lesson he has his uses.

After "hero," the word most frequently heard in the Rose saga was "tragic." Pete Rose was labeled a "tragic figure," and I guess in classic terms he is. But from close range, it was hard to apply so grand a term to someone who seemed as hellbent on insulting everyone's intelligence as he was on bringing himself down. To watch Pete Rose handle the charges against him was to see a man on a psychological kamikaze mission.

There was one moment, though, when the word "tragic" seemed almost appropriate. During a local television interview following his press conference on the day he was suspended, Rose was asked what, in the year 1991, he would wish for if he could have anything he desired. The thought grabbed Rose. A smile crossed his face as he said that he would wish to be on Fountain Square in downtown Cincinnati, accepting the World Series trophy in front of thousands of fans. "I know what that feels like," he said. And his

wish was to feel that way again.

It was the most sincere, open, unguarded thing he had said in public in six months, and it ended up being as uncomfortable to watch as all of his stubborn denials and straight-on lies. There he was, pushing 50 and looking it, his hair spiked like a high schooler (it goes well with the Porsche), lost in reverie, turning his memories into wishes. That's what has-beens do. American youth would survive, and adult services would resume soon enough in the Church of Baseball. But for Cincinnati, the party was over.

Janet Scott Barlow writes on popular culture from her home in Cincinnati.

THE ACADEMY



Jeanne Berg

Racism at Stanford?

by Jared Taylor

The Beethoven Poster Case

The resurgence of campus racism has been a big topic in the news for nearly a year now. According to the often-cited National Institute Against Prejudice and Violence in Baltimore, the number grows all the time. By mid-1989, the institute had reported "racist incidents" on 175 different campuses within the last three years.

I live close to Stanford University and use its libraries. I was therefore interested to read, two Octobers back, that the scourge of bigotry had moved in right next door. Like most reports on campus

racism, this one was long on hand-wringing and short on facts. It spoke darkly of a "defaced poster of Beethoven." It wasn't clear what had been written on the poster, but the implication was that it was fiercely racist and that we were to worry about it.

That poster has dragged Stanford permanently into the camp of the racists, and has become another symbol for bigoted white people. California newspapers have repeatedly mentioned the incident, as has *The New York Times*, *Harper's*, and, most recently (the September 25, 1989 issue), *Newsweek*. In every instance the Beethoven poster was trotted out as evidence of the wickedness of white students, but without any hint of what really happened or why.

Stanford takes racism seriously. It puts all of its freshmen through intensive preventive seminars on the subject, and has deans for minority affairs, minority activities, and ethnic studies courses. It didn't sit well for the university to be known nationally as a hotbed of racism, so President Donald Kennedy ordered a full investigation into the Beethoven poster matter and got a ten-thousand-word report. He made the report public in the hope that other colleges could profit from it. Frankly, I doubt that they will find it edifying. However, the journalists who routinely use episodes like this as shorthand for white racism could learn a lot from it—if they would read it.

The incident centers around Ujamaa House, which is Stanford's "African-theme" dormitory. In 1988, more than half of its 127 residents were black. One evening in October, some undergraduates stood talking in the hallway. In the course of the conversation one of the black students whom the report calls "QC" (the report uses pseudonyms throughout), claimed that all music in America has African origins. A white student then asked about Beethoven, to which QC replied that Beethoven was black. Several white freshmen, including one whom the report calls "Fred," openly doubted that.

Later that evening, Fred found a Stanford Orchestra poster with a big picture of Beethoven on it. Using a crayon, he gave Beethoven an afro and black features, and hung the poster outside QC's room. QC found it the next day and was "flabbergasted." Another black Ujamaa resident called it "hateful, shocking," and said she was "outraged and sickened."

Initially unaware of their reaction, and indeed having had no reaction to the poster for several days, Fred nevertheless began to worry that it might have given offense. He went to his teaching assistant for advice, and the TA suggested he do nothing: "Let it blow over."

Meanwhile, someone scrawled the word "niggers" across a poster advertising a dance at a black fraternity. Com-

ing on top of the Beethoven poster, this caused much fury at Ujamaa House. A black resident TA (then a sophomore) who suspected that Fred was responsible for at least the Beethoven poster went to Fred's room to ask him about it. To scare the truth out of him, the TA said that Ujamaa students were going to beat him up. Fred promptly admitted marking up the Beethoven poster. But it was clear, according to the report, that he had had nothing to do with the "niggers" poster. After an unpleasant grilling from the black staff at Ujamaa House, Fred agreed to publicly explain his motives two days later.

About one hundred people were at the meeting, including a 38-year-old black dean, James W. Lyons, dean of student affairs. Fred gave a speech in which he explained that when he first came to Stanford, he was shocked and offended by the emphasis on race. He said he had come from a multiracial environment, but that race was not the central fact of life. He said he disliked what he called "ethnic aggressivity," and that the campus obsession with race was "stupid." A friend of his had been upset to meet a black student who insisted she would never marry anyone but another black. Fred then said he had defaced the Beethoven poster because it was a "good opportunity to show the black students how ridiculous it was to focus on race." He said the poster was "satirical humor."

A black student interrupted: "You arrogant bastard. How dare you come here and not even apologize. I want an apology." Fred made a perfunctory apology, which the blacks did not accept, and there followed a hostile clamor that Fred be expelled from his dormitory (he lived next to Ujamaa House). Mr. Lyons came to Fred's defense and argued that the Beethoven poster was not a big deal, that Fred should stay. The black students then turned on the dean, and attacked him repeatedly in a "loud and insulting manner." (They would later claim that the dean had "stabbed them in the back.") QC stood up and said it was arrogant of the dean to downplay the Beethoven poster, and that he could not tolerate having Fred live next door. He accused Fred of "dogmatic racism," and of having used the poster to insult him personally. After a few min-

LIBERAL ARTS

HOG WILD

LUCAS—Vordie Majors did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Widowed for 18 years, with no indoor plumbing and without transportation since her son borrowed her pickup 10 months ago, life in this unincorporated corner of Collin County north of Dallas was always tough enough.

But never, never has life on The Hill been as difficult for Majors as in the months since Tomcat Murphy dumped his boars and sows into the porous pile of scrap lumber and wire that passes for a hog pen across the whiterock road from Majors' house.

... The hogs kept multiplying and roaming and rooting around her house

and yard.

"They tore my screen door off," she said. "You couldn't keep nothing on the porch." On one recent day she counted 26 hogs in her yard.

... Last May, she remembered, the hogs had eaten Rob, her sister's 180-pound sheep dog.

"Claudie's dog died of heart worms. We was going to burn the dog. Went to get some gasoline. We came back and I say, 'No need to burn him cause the hogs done come and eat him up.'"

... "[The Humane Society] got 38 in custody and 19 at large at this point," [Police Sergeant] Iovinelli said. "We've got an APB out for 19 feral hogs."

—from the *Houston Chronicle*,
October 14, 1989

utes of this, QC started crying, became hysterical, and moved toward Fred. He shouted something to the effect that back in Chicago, where he was from, he could kill Fred for a thing like that. He then lunged at Fred and collapsed. Six or seven students carried him out of the room, according, again, to the report, "crying and screaming and having a fit."

The meeting then fell apart, as did many students, with about sixty of them crying, some screaming, and others in a daze. One student hyperventilated and had to be helped to breathe. In the midst of all this, some of the students continued to argue heatedly with James Lyons, who finally agreed to expel Fred from his dorm. With this the meeting ended.

Two days later, two of the white residents at Ujamaa found notices pushed under their doors that said: "Non-blacks leave our home/you are not welcome at Ujamaa." The same notice appeared on the bulletin board. Also that day someone defaced the photo display of the freshmen in Ujamaa by punching holes in white faces. Later that week a few signs turned up around campus that read: "Avenge Ujamaa. Smash the honkie oppressors!"

This, in summary, is the "racial incident" that added Stanford to the list of campuses where white racism is on a dangerous upswing. I don't know what happened at the other 174 campuses on the list, other than what I read in the newspapers. The reports talk about a slur here, a bias there, a swastika somewhere else. I suspect that these incidents aren't as simple or one-sided as they are said to be, either.

Furthermore, though it may be mean-spirited to say so, I suspect that anyone who could accuse Fred of "dogmatic racism" is probably capable of writing "niggers" on a poster. The only people who benefit from that kind of anonymous miscreance are the minority activists who want to further their own racial agenda. More than one campus administrator has wondered just how many such incidents are provocation by, not against, minority groups.

But what's been happening at Stanford lately? Last March Stanford duly released a 244-page report on campus race relations. Because of incidents like

the one at Ujamaa House, the report called for thirty new minority faculty, twice as many minority graduate students, twice as many courses on race relations, an obligatory undergraduate course in ethnic studies, and an assortment of workshops, review boards, executive committees, and task forces.

Undaunted by the extreme scarcity of qualified minorities, Stanford's President Kennedy has agreed to the recommendations on nonwhite graduate students and faculty. He has yet to decide on the rest of the report. Not satisfied with this, sixty members of the Stanford Students of Color Coalition, with the poster incident on their lips, occupied the president's office in May and were arrested. As has been the case on many campuses, the reactions to what appear to be minor and ambiguous incidents have been far more disruptive than the incidents themselves.

Obligatory classes in ethnic studies are, of course, precisely what we do not need. They will only encourage aggressive ethnicity, which will fuel a nasty backlash, which has already begun. At Smith College, someone recently painted "Niggers, Spics and Chinks quit complaining or get out" on a campus building. I suspect a white student did that, and though I certainly don't condone it, I suspect I know why.

This piece is adapted from Jared Taylor's forthcoming book on race relations. He lives in California.

EDUCATION



Jeanne Berg

On Inequality: A Platonic Dialogue

by Halmuth Schaefer

Euphron: Why is it, Socrates, that so many of our young, and even we ourselves, know so little, when we are being taught so much?

Socrates: The truth is that most citizens know much more than they are aware of.

Euphron: How can that be, when there are prizes for displaying knowledge, which are forfeited time and again? If, as you say, people know more than what the competitions

LIBERAL ARTS

BUT FATNESS IS A HANDICAP, ISN'T IT?

MOUNT HOLLY, NJ—A judge has rejected a 450-pound man's argument that he should not have to face charges of sexually assaulting a teen-age girl because the trial might kill him.

James Charles Loudon, 46, of Maple Shade asked a judge to dismiss the indictment or declare his case indefinitely inactive. He suffers from various ailments, including high blood pressure and diabetes, says his attorney Howard N. Sobel.

—from the Wisconsin State Journal, October 15, 1989

show, then why are they holding back?

Socrates: Because we do not teach them about inequalities.

Euphron: Indeed we do not teach them that! We are bent on showing that equality must be our guiding principle, and that inequality is to be eradicated at all levels. Is it not true that all citizens of Athens are equal?

Socrates: It certainly is. But are five not more than three?

Euphron: Five are more than three.

Socrates: Then that is an inequality. Is it not also true that five are less than eight?

Euphron: It certainly is.

Socrates: And can we then not say that we know with certainty the magnitude of five?

Euphron: We can.

Socrates: Thus by way of using the concept of inequality, recognizing that while we may not know much about an entity, we often know with certainty that it is more than one thing and less than another.

Euphron: Quite so, but this is not what the young have a problem with.

Socrates: I think that it is. But give me an example of where they failed in an examination.

Euphron: They were asked, for example, how fast an eagle could fly. They invariably could not answer that question.

Socrates: What did their teachers say?

Euphron: They praised the students, for they said that it is more honest to admit not knowing than it is to pretend to know something you do not in fact know. You yourself have admitted that you know nothing!

Socrates: Quite so, but I will tell you that in this case the teachers are either fools or crafty misleaders, and thus should not teach these students.

Euphron: Why is that so, Socrates?

Socrates: Because the teachers know with certainty how fast an eagle can fly.

Euphron: They say not.

Socrates: Even the most ignorant among them knows that the eagle can fly faster than a snail can crawl and not as fast as an arrow leaving the bow.

Euphron: Quite so. But is that not small knowledge?

Socrates: Most assuredly. But is not small knowledge, if it is certain, better than no knowledge at all?

Euphron: I am obliged to admit that you are correct. However, I fail to see

how any of this is of practical use.

Socrates: Well, would not some of the boys who hear their teacher state this inequality immediately say that the eagle also flies faster than a man can walk?

Euphron: Nearly all boys would say that.

Socrates: And is it thus not true that the exactitude of knowledge has been increased?

Euphron: It is true.

Socrates: Consequently, if the boy who reasons thus is asked how long it might take for an eagle to fly from Sparta to Athens, he could say with certainty that the eagle could do so in less than five days time.

Euphron: Certainly.

Socrates: And is this not better than to acknowledge not knowing?

Euphron: To be sure. But for practical purposes it is not enough.

Socrates: I fully agree with that observation. However, we may well assume that the boy who recognizes that he knows some small thing with certainty, would pursue the subject and empirically or rationally, as we have done, narrow the limits of the inequality. As he proceeds in this way, he will arrive ever more closely at the truth, whatever it may be.

Euphron: Some boys would.

Socrates: Yes. And, given that the teachers would dwell on inequalities, more boys would than given that teachers dwell instead on equalities.

Euphron: True.

Socrates: Moreover, does not the mindless statement "I don't know" close the door to anything but hoping for, and accepting when given, a professed certainty? Such as the statement "An eagle can fly to Sparta in four hours?"

Euphron: I am beginning to see what you are driving at. You are saying that a boy who has not been taught inequalities will think that he does not know how long it takes to move an army from here to there, and thus despair of ever becoming a general, because a general must know how long it takes to move an army from here to there.

Socrates: Exactly so.

Euphron: And, more generally, the man who thinks he does not know many things which, in however small a way, he does know, becomes a less constructive member of the agora.

Socrates: You are right.

Euphron: But surely not all men should want to become generals.

Socrates: Probably not. But we know for certain that not all men will become generals because gifts of the Gods other than knowledge are required for a man to achieve this honor.

Suppose that you wanted to suppress in the young a striving for higher things. What is it then that you would teach these men?

Euphron: That facts about nature are unknown, even approximately, and that only perfect knowledge, or perfection, is permissible. We must teach them only about equality and we must teach them to fear even to talk about inequality.

Socrates: Yes. And what would you say about teachers who teach that to all their charges, and the public officials who coerce them to adhere to that doctrine?

Euphron: I would know that they are either ignorant (and thus should not teach), or they are malevolent (and thus should not teach).

Socrates: I will drink to that.

Halmuth Schaefer writes from California.

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1. Name of Publication	2. Publication Title	3. Issue of Date	4. Date of Filing
Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture	73-7-8-50	10/17/89	
5. Frequency of Issue	6. Number of Issues Published Annually	7. Annual Subscription Price (Include)	
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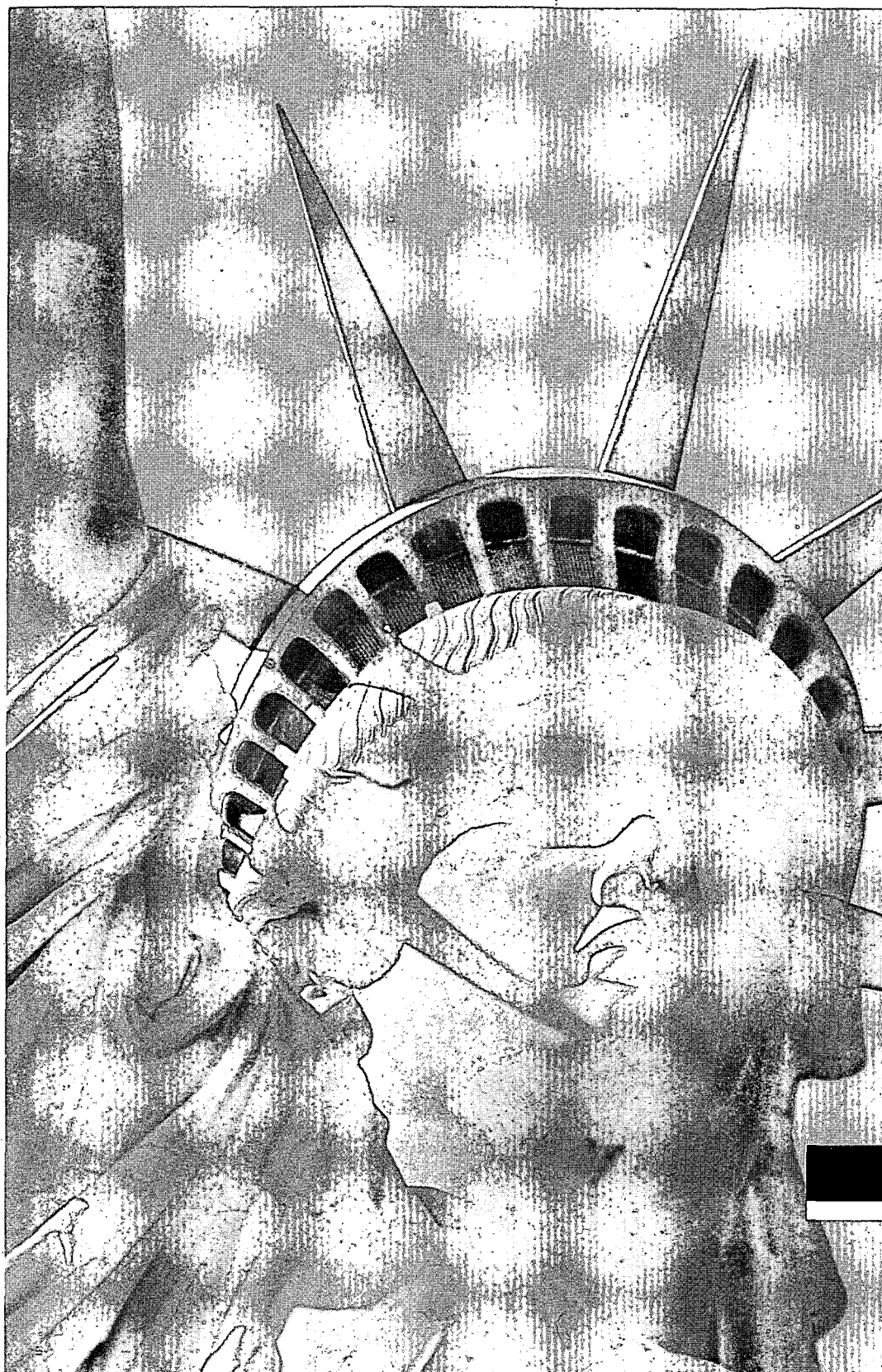
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